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## IN THE STREET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWNE.

Cold, Sue, ain't it?—cold as the devil!
What did the lady drop into the hat?
Ten cents!—blowed but her head was level;
'Nough for a couple of drinks in that.

Give us a lift on the old machine,
Can't make anything more to-night;
We'll cross through Bleecker and over Greene—
Dan's got something to drink, and a light.

What have we raked to day, do you know?
A dollar and ten, and this makes twenty;
That aint a very remarkable show—
The times have gone when rocks were plenty!

Shivering? Here, Sue, take the gloves—
It wasn't my turn to wear 'em to-day;
Besides, for the sake of the woman he loves
A fellow can freeze—here, take 'em, I say!

Did you notice the girl who passed us then—
The one with the seal-skin sacque?—I'd bet,
If I had the money, an even ten,
That girl will jump in the river yet!

Why do I think so? Well, because
I saw her face, and that was enough;
It told me the sort of a woman she was
In spite of her seal-skin sacque and muff!

A curious thought to enter my head!
Perhaps it was; but I tell you, Sue,
This grinding an organ to earn our bread
Is hardly the sort of thing for you.

And seeing the girl as she passed us by—
With her diamond eardrops and seal-skin sacque,
And you in your rags—I wondered why
You never had chosen to follow her track!

Your face would have made your fortune, Sue;
You might have sold yourself for rocks,
And swung your silks and diamonds, too,
And gone to the opera and sat in a box.

You might have driven your pony team,
And sipped champagne in ball-rooms bright,
And fancied the world as fair as a dream—
And killed yourself in the end—you might!

And yet you have clung, through thick and thin,
To a miserable, drunken wretch like me,
Who would sell his soul for a glass of gin
To deaden the pangs of memory!

And what has it brought you? A home in the streets—
Rags and poverty, hunger and cold—
The bitter of life, with none of its sweets,
Till now, at twenty, you're haggard and old.

You wouldn't believe it; and yet, sometimes,
As I sit and grind the old machine,
And watch you beg for the nickels and dimes,
And thump away on your tambourine,

I get to thinking of what we are,
Of what I am—for mine is the blame—
And, odd as it seems—look out for the car!—
My cheek grows hot with a sense of shame.

I wonder if any who jostle us by
Are wretched as we? Did you ever think
How pleasant a thing it would be to die?
Here's Dan's at last—let's get a drink!

# STELLA NEWTON;

OR,

# LOVE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

Methinks there's too much seeming
In the play. Behind the mask
There's a greedy face.

Christmas is past, but Christmas weather still remains; the woods of Heavithorne are still hard and crisp, the ponds covered with their silvery mantle, and the whole of nature under the rule and sovereignty of King Frost.

All the visitors have left the Vale, the school-girl has returned to her Markham's England and Bonnechose's France, the old cousin has quietly gone back to his domicile in town, little Tottie has returned nolens volens to the nursery, and Mrs. Newton and Stella are alone.

Of the two other guests not yet disposed of, Sir Richard they see frequently, for he is still staying at the Box, and often drives or rides over, sometimes to dinner, sometimes for a morning call only. Mrs. Newton always welcomes him with effusion, and always dilates for an hour after his departure on his good qualities and immense wealth to her daughter.

Stella listens as indifferently as if her mother were praising the virtues of the goddess Vishnu; sometimes makes no remark, and sometimes rises and leaves the room to be rid of the subject which to her is most unpleasant. When Sir Richard comes he is always the same, cool and bland, self-composed and self-assured, like a man who knows that he has but to play a waiting game to win, and has therefore made up his mind to wait.

When he speaks to Stella it is always in the low, deferential tone, and with the soft smile of a polished man of the world. Yet he hovers about her, appearing at her elbow when least expected, and suggests remarks and compliments so opportune and so persistently that Stella—beautiful Stella, whom a certain artist thought lovely enough to be reproduced in marble—feels that she hates him more and more each day, and that as her hate grows so does his power.

She feels that she is within the circle of a net which is gradually being tightened around her. As for Louis Felton, she sees very little of him. Sometimes she has seen the smoke of the Hut rising above the trees, and has taken it as a signal of his presence; at others, the blue, thin, vapory cloud has not hesitated to show itself, and she has known that he was in town or elsewhere.

The villagers—her pensioners—can tell her nothing about him, for he has brought a man-servant—a favorite model, so they say—to serve as henchman, and has requested no other assistance. A cartload of luggage of some description has arrived, and there are curtains up at the windows, through which a ruby stain is thrown at night-time upon the snowy lawn.

At all events, if the master of the Hut is mysterious, the Hut itself looks cheerful enough. Once Stella, when passing on her trusty little cob, fancied that she heard his cheerful voice singing in an upper room; but it might have been the model's—voices are deceptive.

One day Mrs. Newton, knowing nothing of her daughter's feelings towards either gentleman, said:

"Stella, my dear, you have not heard what became of that peculiar creature who came here on Christmas-night?"

"Sir Richard do you mean?" asked Stella with the most demure face.

"Sir Richard!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton with angry surprise. "Do you think I should call Sir Richard a peculiar creature. My dear Stella, what can you be thinking about?"

"Whom do you mean then, mamma?"

"Why, that strange man, Mr. Felton of the Hut," she replied. "I have been speaking of him, indeed I have."

"Nor I," continued Mrs. Newton querulously, "and I've asked everyone too. A most strange young man, flighty and unreliable, too; and I should think very poor—miserably poor. Sir Richard said something about his being an artist of some kind—a painter, I think. I very much fear, I wonder at his staying on Christmas-night, as he did."

"So do I; so did he the next morning, evidently; for he went, you see, mamma, very rapidly."

"And showed his good sense," said the widow, tossing her head. "But, Stella, now I think of it, I shall remind me that I promised to go over and see Sir Richard at the Box, which he tells me he has so altered that it is quite a charming place. I think—mind, I am not sure—but I think he intends buying it."

"Indeed," said Stella indifferently; "and when do you wish me to remind you of your promise, mamma."

"To-morrow. We will go to-morrow."

Stella looked up with a pretty little frown.

"So soon?" she said quietly.

"Yes; and why not?" said Mrs. Newton. "The weather is beautiful, I'm sure; you can't have any objection to calling on Sir Richard."

"I have no particular wish either way," said Stella quietly; "we will go to-morrow if you wish it."

Just then a footman knocked.

"Come in," said Mrs. Newton.

"A man wishes to see you, madam; I have told him that he must send in his message, but he will not do so."

"Dear me! Indeed?" said Mrs. Newton. "Then send him away immediately."

"But he won't go," said the footman.

"How annoying and stupid you are! Send him in here, then, and I will soon send him about his business."

And she drew herself up into her most disagreeable attitude. The fotman retreated, and presently ushered in the grim fellow Stephen Hargrave, Sir Richard Wildfang's servant.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Newton, "is it you, my good man? Why didn't you say it was Sir Richard's servant?"

"Because I'm not Sir Richard's servant," replied the man in his usual gruff and sullen fashion.

"Not—then you have left his service, been misbehavin yourself, I suppose."

"No, I haven't; I haven't misconducted myself, and he can't say I have."

Mrs. Newton gave a little sniff of disbelief.

"I'm sure Sir Richard is too kind-hearted a master to discharge one of his men for anything short of misconduct."

"Well, he's discharged me," said the man, "and for nothing as I know of; he's tired of me, most likely; perhaps I'm not civil enough."

"Well," interrupted Mrs. Newton, "what do you want with me?"

"I come, mum, to ask if you'd take me in, seeing as Sir Richard hasn't anything against me—"

Mrs. Newton rose with virtuous indignation.

"You bad man, I am astonished. To suppose that I would take for a servant a man whom Sir Richard had discharged! He must have some good reason for it, I am sure, and I shall hear the truth from him. But leave the room, sir; I am surprised at your impertinence!"

The man turned slowly, and looked back at the mother and daughter. Stella, keener of eye than her mother, perceived that there was a look of suppressed amusement in the man's face, and was puzzled by it. His manner, too, set her thinking; it seemed so cool and self-possessed, and so mechanical that he seemed like one repeating a lesson and going through an excellent piece of make-believe. She said nothing, however, and Mrs. Newton, after dilating upon the impudence of the creature, dropped the subject.

The morrow was as beautiful as a January morning could be, as, completely enveloped in furs, Mrs. Newton and Stella started for the Box. When they arrived, Sir Richard was standing at the door, ready to assist them in alighting.

"I am overwhelmed by the honor," he murmured. "Never were a bachelor's quarters so graced," and, with sundry other compliments, he led them into the drawing-room.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton, looking round upon the blue-satin hangings and Louis Quatorze furniture. "I had no idea you could make so splendid a little palace of such an old-fashioned little place."

"Oh, a mere nothing," said Sir Richard carelessly.

"A mere nothing? What must your mansion in Warwickshire be like, then?" exclaimed the wily widow, glancing at Stella.

"Oh, that is properly furnished, my dear madam," said Sir Richard. "But let us to luncheon. I am sure you must be both starved with cold and hunger. Allow me, my dear Mrs. Newton," and, with polished gallantry, he escorted them to the miniature little dining-room, which in elegance and taste quite matched the apartment Mrs. Newton had so much admired.

A superb little luncheon was laid, and Mrs. Newton enjoyed it immensely. Stella ate but little and talked less, for Sir Richard devoted himself entirely to the mother, and only occasionally addressed himself to the daughter, but on these few occasions his manner was delicately deferential and winning, and Stella, much as she disliked him, could not but admit that Sir Richard Wildfang was the pink of courtesy. When the carriage came round and the ladies rose to go, Mrs. Newton said:

"By the way, Sir Richard, that strange, odd-looking man-servant of yours came to me yesterday and wanted me to engage him. Did you ever hear of such impertinence, after you had discharged him? So absurd to come to me of all persons in the world."

Sir Richard shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"An impudent rogue and an ungrateful fellow, my dear madam. I packed him off at a minute's notice for an act of disobedience. There was no doing anything with the rascal. His heart was like stone, and kindness only hardened it."

"Dear me, it's shocking! And you were so good to him—rescued him from the street!"

"Something like it, madam. Saved him from prison, I may say. But I am afraid it was foolish charity, for, if I am not mistaken, the fellow is bound for that goal sooner or later. He has a disposition towards violence, and only keeps his ferocity under by a strong effort, I feel assured."

Mrs. Newton quite shuddered.

"What a dreadful ruffian! I am so glad, Sir Richard, that you got rid of him."

Sir Richard smiled again, and followed them bareheaded into the cold air, in which he insisted upon remaining until the carriages had started. Then, when his guests' backs had fairly turned upon him, Sir Richard allowed his face to relax into something approaching an actual grin.

"If it were not for the girl's beauty and her money, one could not endure the thought of such a mother-in-law. Cunning as a crab, and vain as a peacock. No matter, so that her cunning and her vanity serve my purpose!"

All the way home Mrs. Newton was loud in Sir Richard's praise. He was so courteous, so polished, so delicately kind, and ah! so wealthy. What a happy woman Sir Richard's wife would be. To all this Stella said nothing, but smiled wearily and sadly, and, when they arrived home, she retreated to her room and was seen no more that day.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Love and art! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The following morning Stella felt herself little the worse for the headache which had been the alleged cause of her retirement of yesterday. Indeed, she looked as bright and fresh as the robins which came to pick up the crumbs which, according to her daily custom, she threw them from the window.

"Mamma," she said, after the breakfast—which was usually rather a harrassing meal, in consequence of Mrs. Newton fixing upon it as a good opportunity to grumble at the servants, or anything else that came uppermost—"Mamma, I shall go for a ride this morning."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Newton. "It is too cold; you will be frozen!"

"Indeed, I shall not!" urged Stella, in that tone which her mother knew meant no surrender. "It will be the best exercise for this weather, and Bessie wants a galop as badly as I do. Let me go, mamma?"

"Well, if you've made up your mind to go, I think you might spare me the pain of asking my permission," said Mrs. Newton ungraciously, and Stella ran up to don her habit.

Bessie, the pony had certainly been in the stable for some days, and was as certainly a little fresh, as Stella found when the powerful little animal bounded off the lawn like a kitten, nearly unseating her mistress.

"We'll to the park, shall we, Bessie?" said Stella, caressing the animal's velvet-tipped ear with her thickly gloved hands. "We'll have a scamper under the trees, and a leap across the brook, shall we? Away with you, then!"

And the spirited little animal, needing no further urging, galloped off in the best of spirits. Then they came to the brook. Stella pulled up for a moment to decide which way to take, but Bessie saved her the trouble by striking off in the direction of the right, and Stella, laughing at the animal's impatience, let her go.

Presently they came near the outer fence of the Hut grounds, and as Miss Bessie had been in the habit of leaping it for some years past she naturally imagined that custom was to be maintained, and, rising at the fence, leaped over as cleverly as a bird, but alighted with something more than a bird's weight on something that cracked and smashed with a terrific noise.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Stella, in alarm. "What have you done?"

"Broken my miniature greenhouse," said a cheerful and amused voice beside her; and Stella, looking round, saw that the graceful form of Louis Felton stood beside the wreck of a fern case and looking up at her with a mischievous smile.

"Good-morning," said Stella, blushing beautifully, but looking fearfully embarrassed. "I am so sorry! It was all my horse's fault, though, and I was not. She is lame in clearing this piece of fencing and making a short cut, and she did it this morning as a matter of course. Indeed, I am so sorry. What have I done?"

And she looked down regretfully at the broken glass and shattered framework.

"In the first place, you committed violent trespass, done damage to an excellent fern case, which has taken me four hours to furbish up, and lastly, broken your bridle. See."

And he laid his hand upon the broken leather and held it up.

"Never was so much mischief done in so short a time," lamented Stella. "Pray, Mr. Felton, will you prosecute me?"

"Most decidedly," he retorted, smiling, "and have you cast in heavy damages. But, seriously, I am afraid for your own sake, Miss Newton, that you must dismount, and I am glad for mine that a snowstorm is approaching, which will give me an opportunity to display my hospitality and compel you to accept it."

Stella looked up at the sky as he spoke, and flushed again. A snowstorm was evidently threatening.

"Will there not be time for me to reach home?" she asked.

"Yes, and get wet through into the bargain," he replied readily. "Come, Miss Newton, necessity knows no law."

She dropped the bridle reluctantly, and, taking his hand, dismounted. Then he led the horse round the drive, with Stella walking beside.

"What an alteration you have made," she said, looking round. "And yet it looks quite as romantic as ever. This shrubbery is surely the prettiest in England."

"Do you think so?" he said, with a gratified smile upon his face, which was handsome in its classical regularity and spirited in its expression of genius and culture. "Then I may hope you will approve of my reverence, which has not dared to destroy the antique air of the interior. Will you honor me by an inspection of my studio?"

And as he stood upon the first of the flight of broad stone steps he held out his hand. Stella hesitated. What would Mrs. Newton say?—what Sir Richard?—what all the proprieties together?

"My—my horse," she said. "I cannot leave her."

"No," he said. "I will have her taken care of and the bridle mended. Stephen! Stephen!" he called.

Stella started and turned round, and saw the man Stephen Hargrave approach and take the horse, touching his hat to Stella as he did so with a keen, watchful expression on his set face. Stella waited until he had led the horse away, then she said:

"Do you know that that man was a discharged servant of Sir Richard Wildfang, Mr. Felton?"

"Yes," he replied, with a quiet, musical laugh. "I know it; if you remember, the poor fellow came to grief on Christmas-night at this door."

"I do remember," said Stella, and then added, mentally: "I shall never forget that Christmas-night."

"Well, rough and surly as he was, I took a fancy to him then, and was quite sorry to hear that he was Sir Richard's permanent servant. The other night he came here, and, vowing that he was starving, asked me to engage him. Of course, he told me that he had been discharged for no fault; they never are; and equally, of course, I did not engage him until I had written to Sir Richard."

Stella looked surprised.

"You write to him? He said nothing of it, and we lunched with him yesterday."

Louis Felton smiled significantly.

"Sir Richard is a man of business and the world," he said concisely. "But see, there is the first flake of my prophesied shower. Will you enter?"

He held her hand to assist her up the steps, and, with the air of a knight-templar, ushered her into the hall.

"Well," she said, "please go on; I am curious to know how you came to engage him after all."

"Sir Richard courteously and speedily replied to my note by sending per special messenger an answer to the effect that the man Stephen Hargrave had left his service for no particular fault; that he had been disobedient, and was too unpolished for a gentleman's servant; to which, as I thought his roughness would not offend my unrefined ears and sensibilities, and as I did not dread disobedience so much as Sir Richard evidently does, I engaged him."

"And he has behaved——" asked Stella.

"Admirably," replied Louis Felton. "He is not a count in disguise, but he is civil, and obeys like a Newfoundland dog. In fact, I congratulate myself upon having that rare acquisition, a good and faithful servant."

"You don't think," hesitated Stella, "that he has a bad face?"

"No," he replied. "I think he has been some trouble or horror which he cannot rid himself of, and I think he fancies himself under some strain or mental slavery, to whom I know not. But let us leave Mr. Hargrave to time and circumstances. Will you not come to the fire? Fuel is not so scarce an article as it is for ordinary mortals."

"Thank you," said Stella, gazing round the little hall with unfeigned interest. "But may I look a little longer? This might be the hall of one of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. It is beautiful. Why, there is not a piece of oak furniture or armor in it younger than three hundred years."

"No," said Louis Felton. "I do not suppose there is."

Then he drew aside a curtain which had hidden a small oriel window, and Stella uttered an exclamation of admiration.

"How beautiful! And did you restore that stained window with your own hands?"

"Yes," he said, "and not so difficult an undertaking as it may seem. But will you walk into my studio?" he said, opening a door leading from the hall.

Stella, as curious as Bluebeard's wife, entered a large, lofty room, which was hung with black velvet and faded tapestry, and through which a stream of rose-colored light, pouring from a stained window, fell upon a multitude of unfinished figures and statuary which were arranged round the room.

A block of marble stood in the corner, and in the centre of the room was a slab, upon which a group of figures was dimly discernible.

"How beautiful!" said Stella, under her breath. "And did you carve all this?"

"All of them," he replied. "There are not many, and they are all very poor, or be assured they would not be here."

"Why not?" she said. "Where would they be?"

"Sold with the rest," he replied, laughing.

"I must go round and look at them," said Stella. "What's that?"

"Ariadne," he replied, and he went round with her, listening, with delight he did not care to conceal, to her softly expressed admiration and wonder.

"And that you are doing now?" she said, looking towards the slab on the raised dais.

"Yes," he said. "But I am at a standstill for one figure. I want to perform an impossibility and cut a true portrait without a model."

"Cannot you get one?" said Stella.

"Not this one," he replied, looking down at her interested face with a strange, wistful smile.

"And is it impossible to convey a good portrait to marble without a model?" she asked.

"Nearly. Not always, though," he added, very quietly "I accomplished it once."

"You did," she said. "Is the statue here?" and she looked round eagerly.

"No," he said. "I sold it. It was the best I had done."

"What a pity to sell it," she said. "Why did you do so?"

"I sold it for two reasons. I wanted money, and I could not work while it was in the room. Have you never heard of the diamond-cutters in Amsterdam, Miss Newton? Sometimes a man will get enamored of a stone if it be fine and pure, and the overseer has to take it from him and set him to work on smaller and less fascinating gems, or he was no use to me. While the statue remained in the shadow I could not tear myself from it, but, like Pygmalion, spent all my days in vain longing that the cold marble might become endued with life and return me love for love."

His voice had grown dangerously soft and thrilling, and Stella, looking up at him, flushed beneath the wistful tenderness of his gaze.

"To—to whom did you sell it?" she asked.

"To Lord Marmion," he answered.

Stella started, turned pale, and bent her eyes to the ground. He saw her embarrassment.

"You know him?" he asked with some surprise and a slightly heightened color.

"Yes," she replied.

"And you have seen my statue?"

"Yes," she answered again, more faintly.

"Then the secret is out," he said with a hurried, tremulous music in his voice. "Miss Newton—Stella! can you forgive me?"

"I—do not ask me, please," she returned, growing crimson and pale by turns. "I cannot say. I do not know. Why did you sell it—something else. May I look at that slab?" and with a nervous haste she turned her face from him and approached the dais.

He followed her, his eyes fixed upon her face, his lips slightly apart, and his whole attitude expressive of devotion. Stella bent forward, and looked at the unfinished marble.

"You see what it is," he said in a low voice. "It is a group—a family group of happy girls and an old man. They are gathered round a Christmas-fire, listening to a Christmas-story which is being told by the best and most beautiful of them all. She is not on the hearth-rug—there on that plain spot she is to stand—and when she is there, with her beautiful face and loving smile resting like sunlight upon the faces of the rest, the group will be finished."

Stella turned her face to him for a moment with a strong effort at self-indifference, but the effort broke down, and her eyes sought the ground.

"Do you know the originals of the group? Do you recognize them and the missing face and figure? How shall I insert that? Look in the mirror yonder, and cease to wonder that I hesitate and feel my skill powerless, and my ideal poor when it approaches the portraiture of such beauty. Miss Newton, do not be angered—nay, rather than anger, you should feel pity for the unfortunate creature who loves and yet cannot allow himself to hope!"

Stella turned towards him and opened her lips. She should have remained motionless, for her movement gave him courage.

"Stella," he breathed, leaning over her and taking her hand, "would you tell me that I am wrong in withholding the last atom of perfection to the whole? Would you tell me that to your loveliness and purity you add a tender heart and a noble courage? Were you going to tell me that I, the poor sculptor, might hope? Oh! if you were, I pray you speak on, that you may know the ineffable delight of making one heart in the world perfectly happy. Stella, you do not speak; you do not bid me be silent; you let me say I love you. O my darling, my goddess; crown me with joy, and tell me that I not only love, but am loved!"

Stella stood near the raised dais, Louis Felton's knee dropped on it, and he drew the white, warm hand, which he still held, down to his lips. Stella tried to take it away.

"Don't take it away from me, Stella," he pleaded. "Let it remain: let it, at least, whisper to me that you love me, if your lips will not say so."

Stella hesitated for a second, and let it remain. He sprang up, and very audaciously caught her in his arms.

"My own, my very, only beautiful one! My statue has turned to light and love!"

Stella's eyes filled with tears.

"Stop," she said, dropping her head on to his breast and looking up to him with tearful but wondrously loving eyes. "I am not your own, for they will not let me be! Do you know the story I was telling on Christmas-night—that blessed Christmas-night when I first saw you?"

"No," he murmured; "you saw me before then, and I you."

"Do you know," she went on, "I was telling them of the princess who was not allowed to wed where she loved, and I thought—will you think me rude, unwomanly and forward?—that, perchance, I might be that princess, and that you——don't stop me, I must say it—that you would have to leave me forever."

"Never," he vowed, drawing her to him. "Come what will, I will never leave you, unless you with your own lips should bid me. Then ——"

"Then—well?" she murmured.

"Then I should break all my foolish statues, and go anywhere out of your reach to hide the heart that would be as shattered as my poor marbles!"

"You will never leave me till I send you away?"

"Never," he said.

"Then you will stay with me forever," murmured Stella with a delicious blush, "for I shall never say the word that would part us."

"Never—come what will, we will never part, darling."

At that moment a shadow fell across the room, and a voice, Stephen Hargrave's, said roughly:

"The bridle's mended, and the storm's over."

Stella clung for a moment, with a slight shudder, to her lover, then with a beautiful blush glided away with him.

Together, all in a trance—that delicious trance which falls to a man's lot once in his lifetime—they traversed the antique hall, and still in trance and he held her stirrup and guided the little foot which she confided to his hand.

All in a trance, still she heard him murmur:

"Remember! Never. This is our secret!"

And she by a motion of the lips signified that their love should for the present be a secret one.

### CHAPTER XIV.

I learnt dissembling at an early age,
And woman's looks were all my pace. PRIOR.

Bessie roped fast after her rest, and Stella was soon at home again.

Any woman well versed in love tokens would have been able to read the girl's secret in her happy eyes and blushing face; but Mrs. Newton, so wrapped up in her own plots and schemes for her daughter's advancement, merely thought the blush a vulgar flush produced by unladylike exercise, and said so.

Luncheon over, Stella was about to run away to her room for a little delicious reflection and meditation—she was dying to be alone to think and realize; but her mother requested her to remain and help her wind some silk, and Stella, without a murmur, took up her position in the orthodox fashion and endured what was to her an hour of mental torture.

When the silk was wound in a huge ball, she rose, and was about to make her escape, when a gentleman rode up the drive, and Mrs. Newton, in a tone of exultation, exclaimed:

"My dear, here is Sir Richard!"

"I will go and dress," said Stella.

"No," said Mrs. Newton in an absolute tone of command. "The idea of running away the moment Sir Richard arrives; stay here."

Stella went back to her chair with a dim foreboding of coming evil, and the next minute the footman announced Sir Richard Wildfang. He entered, smilingly, calm and self-possessed as usual, and Stella, as she shook hands, noticed that he was better dressed than ever.

His collar fitted round his rather short neck with scrupulous exactness, his cravat was tied to the given inch, and his glove fitted like a second skin. All this she noticed, and she fancied that she noticed also a look, a half glance only, of comprehension pass between her mother and him. Sir Richard inquired after their health with the greatest earnestness, and soon, after a few remarks on the weather, entered with Mrs. Newton, with whom he seemed to have some business conversation.

Stella heard something about trust money and investments, and fancied that she heard her own name mentioned; but she was indifferent, and so soon lost in thought that when Sir Richard came up to where she had seated herself she started. When she looked round she saw that her mother had left the room.

Sir Richard stood over her, very much as an eagle or a hawk might poise at some distance over the bird he had doomed to be his prey, and regarded her in silence for a few minutes; then he said, in his usual measured and evenly polished voice—so different to that loved voice which was still ringing in her ears and echoing in her heart:

"Miss Newton, I have ridden over this afternoon on a most important matter—so important to me that I can liken it only to a matter of life and death."

Stella turned pale, and looked up at him with eyes that wore almost a look of terror.

"So important that I hesitate even now, on the brink of disclosing it to you. Miss Newton—Stella, if you will allow me to call you by that endeared name, which I love you! Do not start, I beseech you! Pardon me, forgive me, if I have declared the state of my heart and feelings too abruptly. When a man—so inured to the ways of the world, so apt in the ways of men—loses his heart so completely as I have done to you, he feels that he cannot depend upon his old caution and self-possession. His passion, like a torrent, washes them away, and he is left to float upon its bosom like the veriest boy who has deserved life by proving himself able to love! My dear Miss Newton—Stella, as I implore you to allow me to call you—my love is of that character; it carries all before it. I offer you my whole heart, for I have never loved another——"

He stopped abruptly and started. At that moment a voice in the hall had called on someone by the name of Lucy!

"I—I—pardon me, but did I hear any one calling?"

"No; not for me," said Stella, too petrified, too astounded, too horrified even, to take advantage of the excuse which he had unwittingly given her to beat a retreat.

"I—I thought I heard someone call a woman's name?"

"Yes," said Stella; "someone called Lucy, one of the servants."

"Oh," said Sir Richard, "I feared we were going to be interrupted. Miss Newton, to resume, I offer you my love whole and complete—I lay myself and all I possess at your feet. The world, as you may be aware, calls me a rich man; I may not be without influence; I may be able to place the woman who becomes my wife in a position good enough to fill half the fashionable world with envy. Miss Newton, all this I offer you; will you say yes? You will not refuse me?"

Stella rose and turned her white, cold face towards him.

"Yes, Sir Richard—I—I must refuse."

"Refuse!" he echoed, staring at her with the shadow of a frown on his row. "Surely, you have not considered ——"

"I have considered ever thing," said Stella faintly.

"But—but—if you do not love me, you may do so."

"I never can love you, Sir Richard," she said distinctly.

Sir Richard's shadow of a frown deepened, and became a frown, indeed.

But only for a moment; the next it cleared from his face, and the eyelids drooped with a splendid assumption of sorrow.

"Miss Newton, you would strike a death-blow to my heart if I did not even yet allow myself to hope. I can hope to prove to you, by constant and untiring devotion, how deeply I love you, and to win your love in return, if I am assured that your affections are not placed elsewhere?"

He raised his small, dark eyes and fixed them with a covert scrutiny on her face while he waited for her answer.

"That," said Stella with a touch of her old pride, "is a question you have no right to ask, and one that I shall refuse to answer."

Sir Richard sighed.

"Ah," he said, "your coldness cuts me to the heart. I have no right to ask, and I will not. One thing only may I dare to do, and that is to warn. My love for you compels me to fulfill that duty. Miss Newton, beware!"

"Of what, Sir Richard?" asked Stella, eyeing him proudly.

"Of deceit. Beware that you are not already deceived, and that the fruits shall be seen hereafter. He whom you love—I mention not his name—may prove himself false not only to you, but to honor ——"

"Stop, Sir Richard!" said Stella, her face set and passionate, her eyes all ablaze, her whole little, graceful body strained to its full height. "Spare your malice; such warnings are by me unheeded. If he whom I have chosen—be he what you may—be false, he should prove so to me alone. I say not to you that he is honor—I will."

Sir Richard broke in before she could continue:

"Will thank me for what I have said, and give me hope?"

"Yes," said Stella, with a scornful smile; "I dare even rise so much, Sir Richard, on the faith I hold in the honor of the individual you so malign."

Then, as he bowed down before her with a silent gesture of humble devotion, she swept from the room. Reach a woman's heart and she is a lamb, touch her pride and she is a lioness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## ESPRIT DE CORPS;

OR

## The Dawning of a New Year.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

It was the eve of the New Year. December was wailing itself out with extreme bitterness and wrath. The snow fell thick and crisp upon the pavements, and chill upon the air was the breath of the Arctic. It was an eve that foreboded such an amount of physical suffering for the poor, as they shivered over scanty fires and beneath scanty covering, as the glorious prestige of the coming day could not dispel.

But the great city was never more gay. Never did Midas appear more lavish and benevolent—to self! Never was a holiday (alas) that it should not have been as a gift of charity to be inaugurated with more of pomp and splendor. Never had "amusements" been planned to more certainly catch the public eye and taste and purse. Never upon the mimic scene had such a wealth of expenditure been engendered. Never was the stellar (theatrical) horizon so brilliant, and every managing Richmond in the field had complacently exclaimed:

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-mor row,"

as at once a longing and a prophecy.

With all the profusion of illuminations and almost myriad jets of gas, cunningly arranged and flashing through glass of rainbow hues—in some instances forming the words "WELCOME" and "A HAPPY NEW-YEAR"—the theatres bade for patronage. And the blithest and most winning strains of the orchestra strike out upon the sharp night air, with words within seemed to laugh at the cold without, and mirth and plenty, rich-robed and rosy-cheeked, to give the lie to the poverty and want and care that shivered along the streets.

And so, too, did the chime of the church-bells, and the pealing of the organ, and the anthem of the sweet singers, to the sin and crime and red-handed murder that skulked by them, keeping in the shadows. To those who dozed in the velvet-covered pews, coming and returning in their carriages, furproofed, they were seemed to be a species of invitation, no excuse for misery and the breaking of the commandments. *They* could not reconcile the one with the other, and frowned down any who attempted to explain the giant temptation—the starving, the freezing that could make even vice think for a second—or advocate, as merely the natural law, that shalt not steal." *They* knew nothing of such temptation, and why should others? It was a mystery they could not understand, and they were thankful that they were not as other men are.

Far beyond the walls of the theatres stole the music (pity—an angel pity—that the light and warmth could not have done so), and from one they penetrated to a room but little cheered by light or fire—but little, alas! how little, speaking of bright faces and merry hearts and plenty and love, and yet the marks of theatrical life and the gilded crown and sceptre of the stage were about, and everything went to proclaim it to be the home of an actor.

And so it was—his home and that of his wife and little children; but it might well have answered for the most squalid scene ever set before an audience to melt in pity without the changing of a single thing.

Dresses, costly and gaudy in their trimming, were piled in promiscuous confusion in a corner or upon the bed. But not for show. Oh, no; not for show! Slight as they might be, they afforded something to warmth—were something to help break the wind and bar the cold. The little of furniture that remained told of one of the saddest things of earth—"better days;" and the face of the man stretched upon the bed told of dissipation and resolvement; that of the woman, who stole about almost as a shadow of once striking beauty, and the faultlessly molded limbs and arms (alas! how pinched and blue now from cold and want) of a "Queen of the Ballet" that had caused the hearts of men to bow down in worship.

But actor and dancuse, tragedian and marvel of grace and art, had both had their day, and the past was with them only as a misty dream, while the present was but too realistic not to be ever forcing sighs and tears.

Yes; both had had their day—had forced the public and the critic to appreciate them, and had tasted to the full the intoxication of the honeyed cup of applause. But it was not age or wantonness of expenditure that had brought the night of darkness and pain and care to so fair a day, for both were still young, and should have been in the prime of mental and physical power. No, it was not age, but sickness—the slow, wasting sickness of consumption to the one, the heart-sickness that comes with want, care and sorrow to the other, especially when the star of hope is blotted from the sky.

As a peculiar strain of music came from the theatre and penetrated into the desolate room, the woman shivered almost audibly and turned her dark and still splendid eyes upon her husband, to see if he had noticed it. That he had was instantly apparent. He moved heavily about on his arms and slightly moaned, threw back the tattered covering, raised his gaunt form, turned his haggard face towards her, and then struggled to his feet and steadied himself, though with great difficulty, to the window. The sleet was beating sharply against it, the fierce blasts of the New Year's storm rattled it, and the almost weird notes of the music stealing in the pauses.

"Come back to bed, dear," said the wife, far more devoted than in the sunshine of health and plenty, as she quickly reached his side and threw her shawl about him, covering his next to fleshless shoulders and the form, stripped of the bath-giving tide; "come back to bed, dear. You will only take cold. There is nothing to be seen, and it is a bitter night."

"Aye, aye," he replied, but as if without comprehending, and nerved himself to such an attitude as he had been striding in his best days, but was simply pitiful now, and repeated in a broken and cough-racked voice:

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as this!"

The effort exhausted him, and his wife led him back to the bed as she might have done a little child; tucked the clothes about him warmly, and then, retiring to the opposite side of the room, bowed her head and wept bitterly, though silently, that she might not disturb him.

She had seen him when in his best estate as "Lear;" remembered the commanding figure, the impassioned attitude, the subtle play of feature, the lightning of the eye, the proud step, the firm muscles, and the deep, rich-toned and powerful voice; and, looking on "this picture, and then on that," her wifely love and heart gave way, and the tears she had long kept in check burst through all of self-command. Had it been otherwise she would have been a mockery to the sacred name of wife, and a libel upon that of pure and loving womanhood.

But not very long was she permitted the indulgence of even her own reflections, and though they might be. The wild words of her husband recalled her from the ideal to the actual, and instantly she was again by his side, and doing all that was possible to soothe the "perturbed spirit" and "minister to the mind diseased." And she was not slow to realize that a great change, he incarnate, unfathomable mystery of dissolution, was taking place—the knowledge of that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler o'er returns" was about to be his.

It might not be that night, might not be on the morrow, but the signs could not be mistaken; and then, Heaven help her, what was to become of herself, of her children? But with the most heroic fortitude she banished the future and struggled with the present—the darkest, most terrible New-Year's eve she had ever known. Ah! how many intense tragedies are acted outside of a theatre's walls, and which the world never wots of?

Yet how little it was in her power to do. The will was God-like in its broadest amplitude; but the way was narrow as the generosity of a miser's heart, and tenderness and love must go as far as possible in supplying what was lacking on account of means.

With the children in bed, she gave all her attention to her husband, and sat down to a night of most sorrowful and painful vigil, with the merry music of the orchestra of the neighboring theatre, and what they had been wont to perform, ringing in her ears—even with the plaudits of the happy and careless audience mingling with and at times drowning the gasping breath and hollow, rattling cough of her husband.

And in his almost death-dream, as in active life, he still "played many parts," was now laughing the wild, reckless laugh of the liveliest comedy, and now muttering in the dark-browed tragedy he affected; now a Vapid, now a Richard; now a Charles Surface, and now a Benedick; now a light-hearted lover, and now a murderer; now an angel of virtue, and now a demon of crime; now recovering by turns and now losing his reason. Could death indulge in more powerful or more horrible mummering?

Lulled by an opiate, he slept, with the "cruel fiends" of lunacy banished from his brain. No; not banished, but semi-controlled; and his poor wife—poor in the broadest meaning of the term—sat and watched him, shivering with cold—shivering with the dread of what at any moment might come, shivering at the storm that rattled the casements, and all the time with the jubilant music of the theatre—now and then with the very strains to which she had often danced, light-hearted and light-footed—ringing in her oversensitive ears and piercing as daggers her brain.

As the hours waxed later (though before the play and the music and the "thunders of applause" had ceased) the sufferer partially recovered from his stupor, and, brushing back the damp hair from his brow with something of the nervous energy of the olden time, asked in a ghastly voice:

"Jennie, what part am I to play to-night? Strange that I cannot remember."

She did all that woman and wife might do to banish such thoughts from his too busy brain, and lull him again into slumber, even though it might be an unquiet one. But all her efforts were futile. One single idea was haunting him—the fiends of memory and imagination and custom had fastened too strongly to be easily unloosed; and after a little time he began again:

"Hark! The orchestra are tuning up. It is time I was dressing. The farce comes first to-night. I have a middling part. How I will make them laugh! Get my dress quick, that's a

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.


## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**☞ Letters seeking information** regarded to only those of immediate interest; no answers by mail.

INDECISIVE.—Our advice is that you submit the matter to the Sisters of Charity. We say Roman Catholic ones, because we know not what your religious faith may be. With them it is immaterial, and whatever is disclosed in confidence is by that order regarded as a trust until death. Therefore be frank, especially as to your religious belief, and have no fear. Except in rare instances, it is always in their power to assist their fellows, either directly or through kindred organizations. Should you not deem this course feasible, we can only recommend, as next best calculated to assist your case from every standpoint, application at the north west corner of Third avenue and Eleventh street. The Sisters, we will add, can be found attached to almost every Catholic church, or any Catholic acquaintance can put you in the right path. Your call will assume the responsibility of the other matter spoken of.

QUID NUNC.—When "The Black Crook" was originally produced at Niblo's Garden, in this city, Sept. 12, 1866, Miss Annie Kemp (Bowler) acted Stalacta; Rose Morton, Amine; Mary Wells, Dame Barbara; Milly Cavendish, Carline; C. Whitlock, Rosetta; J. W. Blaisdell, Count Wolfenstein; G. C. Boniface, Rodolphe; J. G. Burnett, Von Puffengrunts; Hernandez Foster, Dragonin; E. B. Holmes, Zamiel; E. Barry, Wolfgar; Mr. Weaver, Caspar; Mr. Clara Rodgiers; Mr. Randle, Skaldswelp; Miss. Bonfanti, Sangalli and Betty Rizi led the ballets.

OLD SUB, Buffalo.—You win, from what we infer to be the spirit of your statement. It is written therein that the lady agreed not to pay for the melodeon until "January, 1875." If this is so, there was no sale, and your friend wins; but doubtless you meant to write "1876." It is to be added that you were bound in honor not to make any concession to the purchaser, in order to win the bet, that you would have withheld had there been no bet—in other words, you were not to go out of your usual way to effect a sale.

TAUNUCK.—1. There should be no need of any such law. No man of any delicacy would wear his hat indoors for any length of time, except in a barroom. 2. We have not time to read the life of Daniel O'Connell to ascertain if he wore his hat in Parliament. Almost any aged Catholic Irishman will tell you that he did. It has been handed down as a tradition from generation to generation; but we are not deciding disputes on the strength of tradition, and, as before remarked, we have not the time to search written history.

KANAWHA, Charleston.—The last performances given in the Broadway Theatre (formerly Wallack's) took place on Saturday evening, April 26, 1869, for the benefit of the late W. A. Moore. The bill consisted of "Ireland as it Was," with Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams as Ragged Pat and Judy Brady. Prof. Anderson performed "The Fire King;" Master S. Brady, Mr. Pickering and others; and "The Returned Volunteer," with Mr. and Mrs. Florence in the cast. We cannot spare the space to print the full casts of these pieces.

J. S. C.—Jenny Lind first arrived in this country Sept. 1, 1850, and gave her first six concerts in Castle Garden, New York. She returned to Europe in the spring and gave fifteen more concerts. In May, 1851, she again arrived in this city, and gave fourteen concerts in Castle Garden and in the Metropolitan Hall. In 1852 she gave here under the management of Barnum. She subsequently gave concerts under her own management, but of these we have no correct record. Her last appearance in this city was in Metropolitan Hall, in May, 1868.

SUBSCRIBER, Trenton.—A paper here and there might have mentioned the name of the detective, but we would not venture to affirm that the entire press of the country pondered peculiarly open to error. You will have to write to police headquarters, London, to get at the "bottom fact." Orsi-l's attempt at assassination occurred Jan. 14, 1858; and if you will refer to any reliable work of the character, consult a library in your city. 2. Dr. Simon Berard was acquitted at the Old Bailey April 17, 1858.

W. C., Indianola.—The Derby of 1870 was won by Kingcraft, owned by Lord Falmouth and ridden by T. French; Palmerston, owned by W. S. Crawford and ridden by T. Challoner, was second; and Muster, owned by Lord Wilton and ridden by Madden, third. There were fourteen starters, and Macgregor, the favorite, was fourth, though unplaced by the Judges. 2. We keep no record of the colors of English stables. 3. No answers by mail.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—1. Your suggestion is a good one, but it is one that we cannot adopt in print. To advise a correspondent artfully to swindle a man is full of offensive meaning as to suggest that he purchase a primer. 2. There is no "catch" whatever about the question in point. There is a card-board trick with that identical or a similar problem, but our readers have not troubled us with that for some years. It is due again just about the Centennial year.

ANTIE ELMORE, Wilmington.—The oldest fire company in the United States is believed to have been the Hibernia Engine Co. of Philadelphia, Pa., which was organized in 1750. At the time when their centenary anniversary was celebrated, in 1853, the concern was in a healthy state of preservation. The Hand-in-Hand of the same city made claim to prior organization, but we believe they were unable to make good the claim by the production of legal evidence.

Y. T. D., Springfield.—"In cribbage A plays a 10, B a 3, and takes 7 holes, A a 5 and takes 2 holes for the pair; B a 5 and takes 6 holes for the pair-royal, making it 25. It is a go for A. B plays another 5, making it 30. Now, the question is, can B take 10 holes more for the last 5 plays?" or has he to take as long as he can, and then take only 2 holes? To make it a little plainer, does B, in playing his 5 dves, peg 20, or only 16 holes?".....B can take 12 holes for the last five played, making 30 points in all.

G. M., Red Bank.—Under the broad agreement entered into, Connor could, as an abstract right, break in upon Leonard at any point, and we cannot say that he exercise. We can, however, suggest that it be left to Connor himself to say whether or not his understanding of the agreement, at the time it was made, was that his eight extra shots were to be taken only when it was legitimately his turn to play.

CRIBBAGE.—H claims that the following game of cribbage was played correctly all through, and that A was not. It was close to a deals, and H leads off with a 3; L plays a 2; H a 1, and pegs 3 holes; L a 4, and pegs 4; H a 3, and scoring 4 more; L follows with a 2, and takes 6; H with a 5, and pegs 1 with the last card in hand with a go right. He it was that committed the error—by scoring 6 holes, instead of 4, when he played his second dence.

INTERPID.—1. Cannot tell you. It is not Old Sport. 2. In the game, with the striker at the bat having had two balls, and next ball pitched umpire called third ball, which passed the catcher, and the striker ran all round the bases before the ball was returned, the umpire adjudged "score the run" was right. The striker becomes a baserunner the moment he strikes a ball or is sent to his base on calle balls.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—1. James Renforth died near St. John, N. B., Aug. 23, 1871. He was seized with the illness which terminated his life while rowing in a four-oared race against the Paris crew, and died soon after being removed from the ma. at Walter Brown did not row against Joseph Sadler, champion of England, but he easily defeated Wm. Sadler on the Tyne.

C. H., Brooklyn.—Miller and Bauer first came prominently into public notice in this country as wrestlers at San Francisco, Cal., in 1874, where they did a little of the same business which has been going on here recently. Christoph Miller, in this city, last year, though he had resided here for some time previously; and Carleton at Brooklyn. Christmas night. We have no further particulars to give.

W. H., Yardville.—If A and D race anywhere on the barge. A has played his hand, B plays a five, C a four, D a trey, and takes 3 points for 5, 4, 3; D plays another trey, which is the last card. Is D entitled to another trey? How many D is entitled to count?.....1. No. 2. Four points for his last trey, viz., 2 for a pair, and 2 for the 15.

MR. HOLLY.—The strange characters may be a cipher, of which only the writer has possession, and without whom their uniformity would seem to be the likeller, they may be a hoax. They are not short-hand of any kind, and may have been gathered, here and there, from a number of Hebrew letters, signs, &c.

LOUIS.—Mrs. Scott Siddons made her debut in this city as an actress at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, once known as the New York Theatre, and now the Globe, Nov. 30, 1865, acting Rosalind in "As You Like It." She also acted the same character in Wood's Museum for several nights, commencing Sept. 19, 1870.

H. F. S., Indianapolis.—If your MS. play is no better than the note sent to us, we fear that you will experience great difficulty in your effort to dispose of it. The spelling is bad, the punctuation is bad, and the whole thing is wretched. The "gentlemen who read the play and commended it" have been saying you.

LUD & CO., Baltimore.—1. Unless otherwise provided for by mutual agreement, A will be entitled to four points if he makes five tricks, while B can make no count but two—these he will make whether he wins three tricks or five. 2. There cannot be two lone hands at one time in regular auchre.

N. F. P., St. Louis.—We cannot possibly tell what would be the certain result of such a bet. A might have more money than B, and B might have A's, and have more money, and B would win; and there could be yet another result. It is always the fairer way to bet first, and call for a decision afterwards.

READER, Fremont.—If neither bettor knew anything about a third party in the field, then they were betting on a condition of things that did not exist, and consequently the wager fails for lack of a basis. The votes given to that third party might else have been given to the Democrats, or they might have fallen to the Republicans.

S. D. C., Richmond.—We have not time now to search our files to answer you definitely. Performers of this class change their partners frequently, and it is difficult to keep trace of them in the memory. We are under the impression that on first two should have separated, and the last named is now the style of the firm.

DAVY CROCKETT, Louisville.—1. First appeared on the variety stage as a vocalist in San Francisco, Cal. First appeared as an actress in 1858 as Gertrude in "A Loan of a Lover" in Petaluma, Cal. 2. Charles Fechter and Lizzie Price acted in Louisville during Christmas week, 1874, and Frank Mayo began an engagement Dec. 28.

CLOWN, Erie, Pa.—A solution of bismuth in rose water. Any apothecary can prepare it for you, and you should not attempt to use it unless it is so prepared. It is not a paste, and it is not applied with a shaving brush, but with flannel or any soft cloth dipped in the liquid.

NO. 1, Rochester.—The last we heard of her she was in Boston, Mass., about two or three years ago. We do not undertake to keep trace of professionals who are not before the public. A letter addressed to her in care of this office may reach her.

HARRISON.—The non-dealer, having six cards in his hand, could not have won a penny of the dealer's money, even though he had been able to take all the tricks. He was a free, presumptively honest soon legitimate hands, and it fell through as soon as an illegitimate hand came to light.

A SUBSCRIBER, Seymour.—1. If you mean a base-ball, the greatest distance thrown is 133 yards 1 foot 7½ inches, by Hatfield. 2. No authentic record of best three stand-forward jumps. Chas. A. Bennet cleared 34ft. 3in. at the re-entry games of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Cal.

BOOKKEEPER.—1. Join one of the gymnasiums in this city, and exercise regularly under the direction of an instructor. 2. Prof. Judd's rooms are located at Sixth avenue and West Thirty-fifth street, entrance on the latter. 3. Consult a physician.

A MUTUAL ADMIRER.—We know nothing concerning it beyond the fact that the Amateur Associations will hold a convention in Philadelphia in March. The secretary, Mr. Hinsdale, 263 Fourth avenue, will give all other information.

S. G.—1. The deal alternates at draw poker, and consequently A loses. At straight poker, the winner of the pot deals. 2. It costs C double what B put up. The dealer antes at draw poker, and any money put up by the "age" (B in this case), before cards are dealt, is a blind.

T. D., Lincoln.—1. If C called for another trey, there was no election for the purpose of it, and consequently no action. 2. If D was not a candidate before the nominating convention—that is, not voted for—this bet also is a draw. If he was a candidate and voted for, B wins it.

S., Boston.—1. A man who bets on a sure thing cannot by any possibility lose. Provided in conjunction with a sure thing, will invalidate a bet, but cannot make either party winner or loser. 2. A man who bets on a sure thing, unaccompanied by fraud, must of necessity win.

A. B. W., Providence.—Neither is out. As soon as one player had made five points, he should have called game. That is the proper way to play—not wait until both have reached the game point. Sweeps count as soon as anything else.

W. M., St. Louis.—1. Is New York. 2. She is in Australia. 3. The price of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is 15 cents. 4. *The Singer's Journal* is published by Henry De Marsan, 39 Chatham street, New York, at 5 cents per number, or 50 cents per year.

MOSES, Memphis.—A wins. B was standing on his feet, as well as on his head. Had his feet been clear of everything, he would have won, as it is permissible for a man on that inverted predicament to touch his hands to the floor for the purpose of balancing.

DRAMATICUS, Newburg.—There are no troupes already organized that you can secure. You will have to engage the performers yourself, or get one of the dramatic agents to do so for you; you will have to pay all their expenses, and in most cases their salaries in advance.

SUBSCRIBER, Market Street.—We know nothing about the concern, and "Our Jim" is not healthy to consult with doctors' affairs. *He* throws physic to the dogs, and takes nothing but soothing syrup.

M. H. J., Rochester.—1. Game counts before sancho. 2. When A first hit his ball, it was a stroke, and B could have prevented his playing further; when A hit it again, it was foul, and B could claim it as such. 3. No answers by mail.

MARY, Jersey City.—Miss Jay played Lucy Glitters last year, but not this season. 2. Every jack counts that is turned up after the cards are dealt six around in the first instance, and three around on the subsequent ones, provided there has been no misdeal.

J. M., Rochester.—There are so many persons assuming that name that we make no effort to keep track of them. The original big Miss of Philadelphia has no son in that business.

SCHOLTWERK, Allegheny City.—The four 40's were entitled to the four highest prizes. Their throwing of was their own concern. They might have drawn lots, or have bought and sold, the other parties having nothing to say.

J. C., Brooklyn.—If B had told A that the latter's hand was good, and A wins the pot, no matter what B said. If this does not meet the case, state his precise nature. The statement already made is too general.

FRANK, Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. No. 3. We are told that they are not married. 4. They are the same person. 5. We do not in this department express our opinions upon such matters.

R. H., Baltimore.—1. The advertisement would cost $2.25 for each insertion, without display. 2. There is no such book published. 3. No. 4. It would call their attention to it. 5. The salary is low. 6. The performance is meritorious.

A. McG., Hartford.—It is against our rules to issue duplicates.

L. B., Boston.—1. He is a son of Milnes Levick the actor. 2. We have nothing to do with the religious belief of professionals. 3. That is his right name. 4. Born in this city. 5. No relation to the persons named.

KEMO, Rochester.—The battle between Edwards and Chambers was decided in favor of the latter on a claim of foul, in being alleged that Billy had bitten him. There was no foundation whatever for the claim.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—We cannot speak positively in regard to the latter now, but upon his return from the West we will find out and answer.

JOHN F. FUNK, Chester.—We do not answer the question, for the reason that the reports of the affair published in the English sporting press did not agree.

INQUIRER.—1. About third. There is a conflict of statistics on this point. 2. Throughout the universe the Roman Catholics outnumber the Protestants. 3. Correct.

U. C. D., Rockford.—1. High should deal in all games, and the jack is high at euchre. 2. Anyone can inside upon the cards being properly cut.

J. E., Ann Arbor.—A is out on his high, if he makes the two he gave, and C loses the game, notwithstanding he made low.

ALBERT GAUDE, Clockville.—1. Ed. James, whose advertisement you see, can furnish them. 2. John Wood's Gymnasium, No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street.

H. M., St. Joseph.—A list of fresh appearances and departures each week, accompanied by a house-bill, will be acceptable.

G. H. M., Sing Sing.—The Democrats did not have 15,000 plurality in this State last November, much less 15,000 majority. Mr. C. wins.

J. S. L., Pottstown.—The list is too lengthy a one for publication in these columns. Address Scott Brothers, 75 Nassau street, for a catalogue.

PICKERING, Woburn Centre.—If A had 63 and a scratch, and B 57 without a scratch, there was no chance for a tie. A had won the game.

CONSTANT READER (T. L.)—No offense. Apply to John Bogan as per his advertisement in this issue. He can give you instruction and advice. Managers never do so.

DON D. WILKINS, Memphis.—1. We do not in this department express our opinion upon the artistic merits of professionals. 2. She has acted with success in this city.

O. P. R., Dubuque.—Bosses or Distin's instruments, obtainable through Dison & Co. or Wm. Fond & Co. of New York, or Roe Stephens, Detroit, Mich.

T. W., Hot Springs, Ark.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued Jan. 5, 1876. 2. Ten miles in thirty minutes is no time at all.

GEORGE PLAYRIGHT.—"Not Guilty" is the name of the drama.

J. W. McH., Seymour.—The Peace Jubilee in Boston, Mass., was inaugurated June 17, 1872.

F. AND W., Buffalo.—1. G. Withers, 513 Third avenue, New York.

L. H. M., Kalamazoo.—Send to Ed. James, who advertises, for a catalogue.

P. F. G., St. Louis.—It is owing to the gentleman's forgetfulness of his business liabilities.

JULIAN, Phila.—It is not quite up to the mark for publication.

HARRIS, Phila.—No one knows when the steamship City of Boston was lost. She was last in port at Halifax, latter part of January, 1870.

W. S. H., Boston.—At raffle dice, three trays beat two fives and a deuce, unless it has been expressly agreed that spots alone shall count.

CLARENCE, Grand Rapids.—1. There is no theatre in this country that has a seating capacity for 5,000 persons. 2. The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, seats 2,964.

HAMMER, Troy.—From $25 per week upward according to merit and reputation. 2. About two years. 3. There is no difference. 4. Correct, after you made a success.

L. M. and T. E.—The preliminary proposition is not drawn in that form. It would be collectable in any State in the Union.

STAKEHOLDER, Baltimore.—The backer of Barker wins, the latter having been adjudged entitled to the contested seat.

J. M., Cochituate.—No. You are thinking of Col. James Kerrigan, who resides in this city.

P. B., Boston.—About 210lb ordinarily, and over 190lb in condition.

DECLINED—"Mother, Read the News," "The Deticher Boy," "Then I Am Far Away."

P. J. S., Baltimore.—No answers by mail. Write a letter to him in care of this office, and it will reach him.

DR. STEPHENS, Phila.—B, who tied A, is entitled to second prize.

J. A. C., Lynchburg.—Apply to the manager of some variety theatre in person.

H. H. W., Brooklyn.—We know of but one, which is the party is now living.

H. N. W., Norfolk.—1. She is not married. 2. Henry W. Shaw.

D. B., Albany.—To H. T. Paddock, in Troy, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1868.

JAFFINS, Fairmount.—We have no knowledge that the cowards has been dramatized.

G. W. B.—The Amateur Baseball Association Convention is to be held in Philadelphia in March.

F. W. H., Buffalo.—In cutting the card for deal, the jack is high at euchre, and the ace at seven-up.

D. H., Cleveland.—The penalty of a revoke at euchre is two points scored by the opposite side.

LON GREEN.—"In playing cribbage, can a player count a flush as the cards are played?".....No.

J. S., Old Cambridge.—A, who was six, went out on his low, which counts himself jack.

C. S., Shawnestown.—What Capt. Cannons is meant? Why not address the postmaster at Frankfort, Ky.?

W. Z. W., Blair.—B won the lead. It is not necessary to hit the high on deuces.

LAMAR, New Orleans.—Certainly; your letters would be forwarded.

J. B., Southport.—At poker dice three sixes beat three aces.

CONSTANT READER.—Consult a lawyer. Your second question calls for more than even lawyers may care to tell.

W. D., St. Louis.—C has the option of begging or dealing.

SLUG ELEVEN, Harrisburg.—B cannot build in that way. He cannot build on the board in the hand of his agency.

G. L., St. Louis.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

L. R., Chenango Forks.—We know nothing of him. Address him as you requested.

M. B. K., Boston.—He is rusticating in Florida for the Winter. Health fair.

CHARLES SEDALIA, Rapids.—Married to a non-professional, and therefore we maintain silence upon his private affairs.

A. B. C. E.—We have no knowledge of any such event having transpired since he has been in service.

J. W. McH., Fredericksburg.—Lexington, 7:19¾.

EVERY WEEK, Boston.—Collins had the best of it.

M. H., Cincinnati.—Victor Emanuel is an Italian.

A. W. S., Shelbyville.—Not to our knowledge.

"J. H. B."—The same to you, "and more too."

W. H. H., Detroit.—In the back of the head.

TRAGEDIAN.—He never sacrificed his character.

O. P. S., Louisville.—Two hundred per cent.

P. A. C., Peoria.—The shield is the head.

P. S.—Neither party has any advantage.

H. D.—We know of no one at present.

J. W. Washington.—See next week.

BOATSWAIN.—See next week.

CADET.—All out of print.

## THE ALMANAC.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1876 will be ready on Saturday next, January 8, and the numerous orders for copies to be mailed, now on file, will be filled as expeditiously as possible. A table of contents is published in our advertising department, and our readers will find that this edition contains a great deal of interesting reading in the way of stories and poems, besides the reliable and carefully-edited theatrical and sporting records, which are the special feature of this publication. As this is the Centennial year, we have also added a comprehensive chronological history of the United States. Our baseball friends will also find a history of their game and a record of the more important contests of last season. The astronomical data is furnished by a well-known specialist, and we feel assured that THE ALMANAC for 1876 contains just the information that our readers want in a book of its character. Copies are mailed from this office at the retail price, 15 cents; but dealers are requested to send their orders to their wholesale news-agents.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY was but little more of a success than was that of Christmas. To be sure, the weather was a trifle better, the skies were clearer, and the sun was brighter; but there was a heaviness in the air that told of disease and death, and a temperature altogether unseasonable. The average New Yorker made his average number of calls, but the average hostess was not up to her former standard of excellence—for the groaning table was less noisy in its lamentations, and the festive board was not brimming over with all the luxuries of the season, as heretofore. Fifth-avenue and fashionable streets thereunto adjacent kept their ends up consistently, and the belles of the season shone resplendent in all that that implies; but as for the remainder, let the mantle of silence cover their shortcomings. The truth of the matter is, money is scarce, and therein all the trouble lies. The will to do is there, but the wherewith to do is *not*. Festive boards which erstwhile reveled in turkey, and lobster, and quail on toast, and soft-shell crabs, and provender of a similar tendency, this year were fain to be content with corned-beef, ham-sandwiches, codfish-balls on toast, and dishes of a like primitive order. Champagnes gave place to a more hurable brand of cider; Otard of 1796 was replaced by brands from the burning of St. Louis and Chicago crooked whiskeys of 1875; and Rudesheimer and Hockheimer, and all the other heimers, were supplanted by ruder samples of *vin ordinaires* and—beer! Just to think of it—beer! And that in a land flowing with the fabulous milk and honey! There must have been imbibed large quantities of deleterious compounds and decoctions, for the good men and true who made the grand rounds seemed overcome and demoralized when evening spread her mantle o'er the earth, and the star-gemmed night succeeded the glorious orb of day. The theatres didn't look for much, and they were not disappointed; and, though published statements of the receipts at the various houses have a cheerful and wealthy appearance on paper, nevertheless the managers have failed to find, in the actual footings-up, that substantial reward which our well-meaning journals have endeavored to secure for them. The opening of the Centennial year was not a gigantic success.

### Charles O'Conor.

Afflictions sore long time he bore—
Physicians tried in vain
To physic him; but he refused,
And thus got well again.

THE CENTENNIAL is looming up in gigantic proportions, and it is new the talk of the country. Even those metropolitan papers which affected to ignore the whole thing in the days of its infancy now begin to admit that there may be something in the great exhibition, notwithstanding "the scene is laid in Philadelphia," where it ought to be. The present dull times may be partially ascribed to the general desire to lay up a trifle for the big show. It's going to be a grand success, and no mistake.

WE HAVE interviewed several of them, and we find that, as a class, waiters don't believe in any *extra diskin'* law. They prefer to take things as they come, and wait a little longer for the *good* time coming.

NOT SATISFIED with one mutual friend, the Beecher-Moulton business is to be revived under the auspices of a "mutual council." Will this proposed revival interfere with the Moody and Sankey seances?

"WHITEWASH" is in great demand in Washington, St. Louis and Chicago. Crooked whiskey dealers have gone into the straight whitewashing trade, and yet the idle and depraved complain of hard times.

ANOTHER CHARLEY ROSS has been found; but he's not the one sought after, and much disappointment has been caused by the false report of the discovery of the lost one.

THIS BEING leap-year, ladies will govern themselves accordingly; to some of them we might say "*Look* before you leap!"

## LIFE AND DEATH IN A HOTEL.

Another crazy man has turned up suddenly in the person of one Dillon, who, at the Westminster Hotel, an evening or two ago, shot to death a man who gave him not the slightest provocation. The assassin belongs, no doubt, to that large class of self-opinionated individuals who are to be found in almost every hotel—men whose mind must be as good as a command, whose bluster makes them the terror of the humble employes of the house, and whose overbearing vanity and egotism render them despised of men. What could have been the incentive for the shooting in the case under notice has not yet been made manifest; the only "offense" known to have been committed by the deceased being his refusal to leave the public hall of the hotel at the command of Dillon. No doubt insanity will be urged as a defense by the friends of the latter; but if he was known to be subject to fits of "eccentricity," or rather of emotional insanity, why was he permitted to run at large? and that, too, in a hotel where so many conflicting temperaments are to be met with? He should have been committed to the care of the manager of some asylum for the insane *before* he committed the crime of murder. Our hotels teem with "eccentric" individuals—sometimes this eccentricity takes the form of robbery; sometimes of debauchery and dissipation, and frequently of conceit and self-glorification—a sort of imaginary "I am wealthier—and therefore holier—than thou" hallucination; a certain caste, as it were, whose fabric rests upon the sand, and whose existence is as unstable as the foundation it stands upon. Eccentricity at hotels is not confined to the male gender; on the contrary, the opposite sex is largely charged with it. With her it often assumes the form of an affected pride—a disdain of others whose misfortune it is to be placed within hearing and seeing distance of her. Sometimes one of these eccentric females will take a room for a single day at a hotel, and in that time put on more airs, and give more orders, than a respectable permanent guest would do in a year. They are as despicable in their eccentricities as the self-opinionated man is in his. Why are such firebrands and dynamite disseminators permitted to remain in a hotel when once their character and eccentricities become known and understood? Out upon these upstarts and adventurers, these artificial monstrosities and destructive elements of hotel life and society! The hotel proprietor has more to contend against than the general public have any idea of. He has to meet, and to please, and to gratify, as far as it is possible to do so, every disposition, every taste, and to humor every whim of his eccentric guest; he must not delay in answering the summons of his *great* people, whatever he may do as to the requirements of his more humble boarders; the former *must* be served before all others, or trouble will be the result. The bell-boy must fly at his behest, and the clerks must give him the best room in the house, even though another guest is deprived of the room he has secured hours before; the *great* man finds fault with his meals damns the cooks, and heaps imprecations upon the heads of the unoffending waiters. Verily, the hotel is a little world in itself—it has its autocrats and its plebeians, its monarchs and its slaves, its bond and free; but save us from the *great* man and the vainglorious woman. The victim of the Westminster Hotel assassination sleeps in death, but life at the hotel will go on as usual until some other eccentric guest creates a little flurry on the surface by another eccentric shot.

## FUN IN PRISON.

Not having the entree to the prison at Sing Sing, nor to any other, for that matter, we are indebted to our contemporary of *The Sun*, who *has* the entree, for the following account of an entertainment given by inmates of Sing Sing on New-Year's Day:

"A dense fog enshrouded Sing Sing Prison at daylight, making the high walls seem still more like a living tomb; but, as the sunlight shone through a drift, a stranger would have thought bedlam had broke loose. Fourteen hundred voices were mingled in cat-calls and cheers, with an occasional sentence, such as 'Happy New-Year, Billy,' 'Same to you,' 'Three cheers for our new Inspector,' 'Three cheers for our Warden,' and so for years past, that one of recreation and relaxed discipline for the convicts. Congratulations were passed among them, and to the officials, at the prospect of the new year, except a few, and those few were 'Death' written in big black letters under the printed head of 'Explanation of Sentence.' In the prison register several of the convicts with dramatic talent have for six weeks been rehearsing plays and songs for an exhibition. At nine o'clock the lever locks were thrown back, and fifty convicts stepped into the gallery, each placing his hands on the shoulders of the man in front of him. They marched to the dining-room with the regular 'shuffle' step, the effect that has worn the flooring to halt its first thickness. From the dining-hall they marched in close files to the chapel. Clean-shaven faces and neatly-combed hair were the holiday improvements in personal appearance. The chaplain's desk had been removed, and a stage erected with curtains and footlights. At the large Protestant service 'Happy New-Year,' and on either side '1776' and '1876.' A neatly-dressed convict handed each visitor a printed programme, of which the following is a copy:

1776 1876.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.
ACADEMY OF MISERY.
SING SING, JAN. 1.
PART FIRST.

Overture—"Short Time".....
Opening Chorus—"Hail Us, Ye Free".....Ernani
"Little Bobbie—Tell Kitty I'm Coming".....Rosey
"Little Ones at Home".....Walters
"Shine On".....Harry Leslie
"Sweet Home Beneath the Snow".....Banks
"Hard Times".....Rice
"Great Tribulation".....Moore
"Silver Threads Among the Gold".....Lyons
"Fairy Queen".....Egan
"Linger Not, Darling".....Thomas
Grand Finale—"Few Days".....Company

PART SECOND.

Club Exercise.....McCarty
Stump Speech.....Willett
"Always Do to Others," etc.....Rice
"Grandfather's Sam."".....Rooney
"My Angel."".....King
"Sam Simons"".....Willett, Bancroft, Meyers, Lyons
Ben Buttery.....Ben Roop
Ban-Jo-So-Low.....Christy
Teutonic Eccentricities.....Harry Leslie
Ritter's Abschied, Quartet by King, Rice, Larch and Meyer
"I Tread Alone".....Sauter
Piano Solo—Reminiscences of Tony Pastor..Prof. Holmes
"Five Minutes with the Incomparable."".....Wheeler
"Song and Dance Cradle of the Deep."".....Meyers
"Just Landed."".....Lyons
To conclude with
THE MANAGER'S TROUBLES.
introducing Mr. MOONFACE as "Fechter the Tragedian."
Manager.....Tompkins | Bounce.....R. Willett
Other characters by the company.

Tickets o.' admission are procured on application to Tweed, Sharkey & Co. Press excluded. Excursion tickets to Sing Sing free to all over "six months."

"Richmond" was the answer to the question propounded to twenty years for burglary, was one of the end-men. The other actors had been selected from 1,463 convicts. The end-men cracked original jokes on the crimes that had sent them there, and on public men. Warden Walker and the keepers received their share of hits. Recorder Hackett's name seemed to be in every other sentence, apparently, the attempt at fun on it. Comments on the rice and salt fish were mingled with those on the quarry and laundry-room. At noon the curtain fell, to rise again on the Fourth of July.

"Jacob Staudenmayer, 'Old Dr. Lowenberg,' a murderer sentenced for life; James Branigan, another life convict, who killed a man with a horseshoe in 1861; Charles Wolters, who murdered his sweetheart in this city; and Mike Gordon, who killed two men while intoxicated; Old Frank Johnson, a negro, who says he is 101 years old, sentenced for life for burglary; Adam Jaeger, a murderer; Ishmael Freeman, an Indian who killed his wife, was pardoned, and afterwards murdered another wife, for which he is sentenced for life; John Driscoll, the only convict ever sentenced for life in this State for arson; and Chauncey Johnson, who has probably stolen and gambled away more money than any other convict in the prison, were in the audience. Stokes declined to appear, being engaged in preparing for a departure on the 6th inst. by a writ of habeas-corpus. John Simmonds, who is in the hospital, attended the rehearsal on Friday afternoon. Joseph Kingsland, the noted robber, was in the room, under charge of a guard."

AND NOW the bondsmen of the late lamented Mr. Tweed desire to be released from their bondage, and to this end they are fighting their cause in court. Isn't it about time that bondsmen were given to understand that they will be held responsible in every case where the principals take to flight? Of what use is the security, if it is to be made invalid at the very time that it is most needed? It may be prudent hereafter to compel every bondsman to provide security for the faithful fulfillment of the conditions of *his* contract.

ENLARGED.—That ably-edited, neatly-printed, and sprightly weekly *The Arcadian* has appeared in an enlarged form, the improvement beginning with the number bearing date January 1, 1876. To enlarge in a season of general stagnation in business argues well for the prosperity of our contemporary.

WE HAVE BEEN thinking, while reading about the efforts being made "to save Dolan," that if Mr. Noe, while his assailant was battering his head, could have seen Judge Donahue, he might have secured "a stay of proceedings," and thus had *his* life preserved.

HAVING PAVED the way for the immediate construction of a rapid-transit railroad in this city, the dear public are beginning to wonder what has become of it. It *was* to have been an elevated road; but, owing to its invisibility, it has probably been "sunk."

BOSS TWEED, Charley Ross and Sharkey have given the detectives a right lively chase, and yet the latter complain of unsociability on the part of the former. What will it matter, a hundred years from now, whether the pursued ones are captured or not?

DON'T FORGET that Saturday, Jan. 8, is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, when Old Hickory got up a "corner in cotton." Let the Stars-and-stripes be flung to the breeze, and salutes be fired in honor of the day.

SPORTING EVENTS being of rare occurrence nowadays, the boys are "taking issue" in the case of Dolan, and betting whether or not he will be executed.

THE DOCTORS keep pegging away, but Charles O'Conor still lives, and laughs them to scorn. We scarcely know which to admire the more—the doctors' perseverance or the patient's obstinacy.

PEOPLE who made anything during the year just closed talk of holding a mass meeting to give expression to their feelings. Happy thought!

THE PRIVILEGE to sell popcorn in the Centennial grounds has been sold for three thousand dollars. The peanut privilege is yet in abeyance.

IT HAS been discovered, in casting up accounts for the past year, that many a man *"failed" to get rich!* This is a double-barreled joke.

ALL AMERICANS are not deep thinkers, yet they live in a *"roomy" nation!*

## NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

***Dec. 27: Mrs. Mary Davis confessed that her testimony, upon which her grandmother and father, Lodicia and Albert, Friedsburgh, were convicted of the murder of Orlo Davis, at Herkimer, N. Y., was false, and that the deed was committed by the former alone. Mrs. Davis holding the light while her grandmother used the axe.....Frank Mountain entered a civil suit for damages against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, N. Y., placing his damages at $10,000.....The destruction by fire of Ratterborn, Hopkes, Offerman & Co.'s sugar refinery, at Hastings, N. Y., was announced. Loss estimated at $500,000.....Foreign advices informed us that the statue of Napoleon was replaced on the newly-finished Vendome Column, Paris, France, the proceeding being unattended with ceremony; that, in consequence of a vigorous bombardment by the Carlists, the garrison at Hernani was critically situated; that King Alfonso opposes the will of the Ministry in the matter of the return of his mother, the ex-Queen Isabella, to Spanish soil, he insisting that she shall have an asylum in Spain, and reside in Valladolid, and it was feared the Cabinet would resign; and that the Hong Kong, China, papers of November 20 gave particulars of a destructive storm at Manilla, many lives being lost and much valuable property destroyed.....At Lebanon, Ky., George T. Northcraft, while resisting arrest, was shot dead by Town-marshal Thos. H. Chandler, who was immediately killed by Northcraft's friends.....It was reported that on Dec. 25 Martin Crum and a man named McCarty were killed by unknown parties, who fired into a house near Harrodsburg, Ky.....The and Mrs. Nichols, aged 94, was fatally burned through the self-clothes falling afire.

***Jan. 1: The Centennial year was ushered in with the ringing of bells, firing of salutes, and other patriotic demonstrations.....The United States steam-frigate Tranton was launched at the Brooklyn Navy-yard.....News from Cuba said was to the effect that the Kickaboo insurgents were preparing to resume hostilities against Spain; that Captain-general Jovellar had sailed from Cadiz, Spain, for Cuba; that the schooner Miles Barry, from Barbadoes for Key West, Fla., was wrecked at Key Conkus, Dec. 21, the crew being saved; that considerable damage had been caused by floods in Scotland; and that a royal decree had been issued by the Spanish Government granting amnesty to all political offenders.....Feb. 15.....Reports, in brief, of the killing of Armand Ling fatally stabbed Ludwig Wirbaiz, and John R. Dillsbeer dying from the wound he received at the hands of Rosalie Dillsbeer.....Dr. Phil. Dudley, of the State

# THE TRIGGER.

## SWEEPSTAKES SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather on Tuesday, Dec. 28, there was a good muster of the members of the Long Island Shooting Club on their inclosed grounds near Jamaica, to witness a match for $100 a side, between Messrs. S. Hart of Trenton, N. J., and F. Burritt of Norwalk, Ct., at 25 single birds each. It failed, however, to come off, as Mr. Burritt did not put in an appearance, and his backer paid forfeit to Mr. Hart, who was on hand and ready to shoot. Sweepstakes shooting then became the order of the day, and some excellent sport was enjoyed; Miles Johnson furnishing the birds, which were good, strong flyers. The first was a sweepstakes of $3 each, at three birds, 25 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, with 1¼ ounces of shot; any gun; H and T traps; and Long Island Gun-club rules to govern; the winner taking $14, and the second best $7. Of the seven entries, Miles Johnson and D. Heston killed all their birds and divided the money. We give the respective scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miles Johnson | 111 | Mr. Thomas | 0 |
| Dr. Heston | 111 | F. Kleinz | 0 |
| Ira A. Paine | 110 | E. Vanderveer | 0 |
| A. Wilkinson | 110 | | |

The second sweepstakes was between the same contestants, for a similar stake, and under exactly the same conditions as the previous one. This time, Messrs. Johnson, Vandeveer and Heston tied and divided, killing three birds each.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Johnson | 111 | Wilkinson | 10 |
| Vandeveer | 111 | Thomas | 10 |
| Heston | 111 | Paine | 00 |
| Kleinz | 110 | | |

The third sweepstakes, conditions and contestants the same as before, was won by Mr. Kleinz, Paine taking second money.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kleinz | 111 | Johnson | 011 0 |
| Paine | 110 11 | Thomas | 011 0 |
| Heston | 110 10 | Vandeveer | 100 0 |
| Wilkinson | 101 0 | | |

In the fourth sweepstakes Mr. Hart took the place of Mr. Thomas, and succeeded in tieing Paine and Kleinz, each killing all their birds, and dividing the money.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Paine | 111 | Vandeveer | 10 |
| Kleinz | 111 | Heston | 00 |
| Hart | 111 | Johnson | 00 |
| Wilkinson | 100 | | |

In the fifth sweepstakes Johnson, Heston and Wilkinson each killed their three birds, tied again in shooting off, and then divided the $21.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Johnson | 111 1 | Vandeveer | 010 |
| Heston | 111 1 | Hart | 110 |
| Wilkinson | 111 1 | Paine | 000 |
| Kleinz | 110 | | |

The sixth sweepstakes, same conditions as the previous ones was won by Kleinz, Heston and Hart, who tied on two birds each and divided.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kleinz | 011 | Vandeveer | 100 |
| Heston | 011 | Johnson | 000 |
| Hart | 110 | Wilkinson | 000 |

On Wednesday, Dec. 29, there was quite a gala-day among the members of the Long Island Club, who had extended special invitations to members of shooting clubs in the vicinity of the city. It was expected that the monthly cup would be shot for, but this contest was postponed, and matches and sweepstakes constituted the day's sport. A match between Ira Paine and Howard Hanson was the first event decided. It was an impromptu affair for $50, at thirteen birds each, 30 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, from five traps, 1⅛ ounces of shot, and governed by the Hurlingham Gun-club rules. It was won by Paine, who scored 7 out of 10; while his opponent resigned the match after killing 4 only out of 10, it being impossible to win or tie.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ira Paine | 10101 11101—killed 7, missed 3 |
| Howard Ransom | 00001 11010—killed 4, missed 6 |

Sweepstakes shooting then commenced, the first having six entries at $3 each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1¼ ounces of shot, five traps, and governed by Long Island Club rules. Dr. Wynn and Dr. Talbot each killed all his birds and divided.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wynn | 111—3 | Thomas | 110—2 |
| Talbot | 111—3 | Bassford | 101—2 |
| Aston | 111—3 | Hall | 011—2 |
| Heston | 111 | Paine | 00 |
| Kleinz | 110 | | |

The third sweepstakes, conditions and contestants as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Woodward | 111—3 | Hall | 01—1 |
| Thomas | 111—3 | Bassford | 10—1 |
| Wynn | 110—2 | Talbot | 00—0 |

The next had eighteen entries, at $3 each, 30 yards rise, 3 birds each, the winner taking $28, second best $18, third $11. It resulted in Paine and Woodruff tieing on three birds each, and dividing first money, Talbot winning the second, and Post third money. The fifth and last sweepstakes of the twenty-two entries, at $3 each, same conditions, the winner taking $30; second, $23; third, $13. The first money was divided between Messrs. Wynn, Redding, and Bassford, who killed all their birds. Hemmeny carried off second money, and Gildersleeve and Madison divided third money.

## SWEEPSTAKES SHOOTING ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The Long Island Gun Club celebrated New-Year's Day by the enjoyment of sweepstakes shooting. The delightful weather brought out a large attendance of members, and seven sweepstakes were shot for. The first was at three birds each, $3 entrance, 25 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, H and T traps, and Long Island Club rules to govern. It was won by Messrs. Bergen, Madison and Martin, who tied and divided:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bergen | 111—3 | Baylis | 01—1 |
| Madison | 111—3 | Thomas | 10—1 |
| Martin | 111—3 | Wingate | 10—1 |

The second was under precisely similar conditions, and resulted in Madison winning first money, and Beatty and Wingate second.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Madison | 111—3 | Bergen | 001—1 |
| Beatty | 011—2 | Thomas | 100—1 |
| Wingate | 011—2 | Martin | 010—1 |
| Smith | 110—2 | Baylis | 010—1 |

The third sweepstakes had ten entries, the winner taking $10; second, $7; third, $3.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beatty | 111—3 | Bergen | 101—2 |
| Madison | 111—3 | Outwater | 010—1 |
| Martin | 111—3 | Baylis | 010—1 |
| Wingate | 111—3 | Smith | 010—1 |
| Thomas | 111—3 | Henderson | 000—0 |

The fourth had twelve entries—the money divided into $12 to the winner, $8 to the second, and $4 to the third. Messrs. Wingate, Bender, and Outwater tied for first money and divided; Baylis, Madison and Martin shared second; and Beatty, Bergen, Smith and Williams the third.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wingate | 1 1 1 | Thomas | 1 1 0 |
| Outwater | 1 1 1 | Beatty | 1 0 0 |
| Bender | 1 1 1 | Bergen | 1 0 0 |
| Baylis | 0 1 1 | Smith | 0 1 |
| Madison | 1 1 0 | Williams | 1 0 |
| Martin | 1 1 0 | Orr | 0 0 |

The fifth, at three birds, $3 each, $20 to the first, $15 to the second, and $7 to the third, had fourteen entries, and produced some fine shooting, five killing all their birds, and in the shooting-off Mr. Van Buren and Beatty killing each five birds in succession, and dividing first money. Dr. Talbot winning, and Martin and Bergen sharing third cash.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M. Van Buren | 111 | 11111 | Thomas | 101 | 10 |
| Beatty | 111 | 11111 | Bender | 011 | 10 |
| Bayliss | 111 | 11110 | Outwater | 011 | 00 |
| Madison | 111 | 11110 | Bergen | 100 | 1 |
| Wingate | 111 | 110 | Martin | 100 | 1 |
| Talbot | 110 | 111 | Williams | 100 | 0 |
| Smith | 101 | 001 | Orr | 010 | 0 |

The sixth had the same contestants as the previous one, and this time Talbot, M. Van Buren, Outwater, Williams and Gildersleeve killed all their birds and tied. The shooting off-produced some splendid markemanship between Messrs. Talbot and Van Buren, the former winning by killing ten birds in succession, the latter missing his tenth bird, and having to be content with second money. Mr. Outwater took the cash for third, and Messrs. Gildersleeve and Williams divided the fourth money.

The seventh and last sweepstakes had ten contestants, conditions same as before. It produced some fine shooting, especially between Messrs. Gildersleeve, Austin, and Talbot, the latter winning third money and the two former dividing first and second.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gildersleeve | 111—11111 | Bergen | 10 |
| Austin | 111—11111 | Outwater | 10 |
| Talbot | 111—11110 | Wingate | 10 |
| M. Van Buren | 111—110 | Bayliss | 00 |
| Hemming | 10 | Williams | 0 |

INTER-STATE RIFLE MATCH.—The return competition between rifle-teams representing respectively the Chicago (Ill.), Jackson (Mich.) and Indiana Rifle Association of Fort Wayne, six men each, 500 yards, 2 sighting and 15 scoring shots each, took place at Chicago Dec. 29, when the home team came off victorious. The score was as follows: Chicago—J. A. Shaffer, 68; S. B. Sexton, 64; A. G. Alford, 64; C. C. Blackmer, 69; George Willard, 57; R. S. Thompson, 64—total, 386. Jackson—M. H. Wolcott, 58; J. A. Parkinson, 61; T. J. Conley, 52; J. T. Harrington, 54; J. L. Parkinson, 42; R. J. Haire, 52—total, 319. Fort Wayne—W. W. Stinnett, 46; J. O. Beeks, 39; C. Bundel, 65; D. D. Welsell, 57; J. H. Stophlet, 59; A. P. Devereux, 36—total, 312. A thirty mile wind range sadly hampered the marksmen, so much so as to reduce the score far below all expectations. O. C. Blackmer of Chicago made the highest individual score—69 out of a possible 75—and was presented with the prize, a very handsome revolver. Giles Bros. & Co. of that city offered as a prize to the team making the highest score a magnificent silver urn, which was won by the Chicago team. The Fulton position was the one generally assumed by the contestants. Mr. Fulton himself was on the ground, but did not participate in the shooting.

TWO COMPETITIONS took place at Glendrake Range, Pelhamville, N. Y., on New-Year's Day, the participants being members of the American Rifle Association. The first was the Association Cup match, value $50, 500 yards, ten scoring shots, any rifle. David F. Davids was the winner, with a score of 47, the other principal shots being C. A. Hodgeman, 46; R. Fisher, 43; R. Rathbone, 43; C. Dusenbury, 41; Col. J. T. Underhill, 35. The other contest was a subscription shoot, 500 yards, five scoring shots, any rifle, entrance $1, half of entrance money given to the Association, and the balance to the three highest scores. H. Fisher scored 24 and 23 points, and G. H. Thompson and C. A. Hodgeman 23 each.

GREAT BRITAIN ACCEPTS.—A cable-dispatch dated Dec. 30 announces that the National Rifle Association of Great Britain have accepted the challenge of the New York Association to take part in the match for small-bores, to be held in the United States during the Centennial celebration. Sir Henry Halford has been made captain of the English team, and is now busily engaged in arranging the preliminaries. The site which will probably be selected for the Centennial competitions, and which was last week looked at by Adjutant-general Woodward, Gen. Shaler and Col. Wingate, is located on a farm on the banks of the Delaware, about eight miles from Philadelphia.

THE DETROIT, Mich., and Chicago, Ill., gun clubs shot their return match at Dexter Park, Chicago, Dec. 21. There were ten men on each side, and they shot at twenty-five birds per man, from H and T traps, 21yds. rise and 80yds. fall, and the Chicagoans won by a score of 227 to 222. Messrs. Turrill and Wheal of the winning team killed all their birds, and Wilcox, Gillespie, Phillips, Sherman and Hawkins brought down 24 apiece. J. Glenn, Jr. was the only man among the losers who scored as high as 24. A banquet followed.

A TOURNAMENT for prizes offered by the St. Catherine's (Can.) Shooting Club—$100, $70, $60, $50, $40, $30, $20, $15, $10 and $5—is to take place at that place this month, commencing Jan. 10.

CHESS.—BIRD VS. MASON.—The American player seems to be doing very well against his English opponent in the $100 match now in progress between them at the rooms of the Down-town Chess Club, in Fourth avenue, near Second street, Mason having won five out of the eleven games played up to Jan. 3, Bird winning but three, and three being drawn. Mason lost two games by poor moves made when he had a winning position in the game. This was especially the case in the eighth game, when he practically had a won game in his sixteenth move.

# AMERICAN RACKETS.

## THE NEW RACKET-COURT.

Preparations are in progress to make the game of rackets a fashionable sport of the "swells" of the metropolis, judging from the outlay incurred in erecting the handsome racket-court on Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue. This model structure occupies 100 feet fronting on Twenty-sixth street, and 74 feet on Sixth avenue. The lower part of the building is for stores; the entrance to the club department is on Twenty-sixth street. Up the grand staircase the main hall is reached. The whole of this floor is given up entirely to bachelors' apartments. Of these there are eight or nine suits, each suit consisting of a parlor or sitting-room, a bedroom, an ante-room and a bath-room, with ample closet-rooms. Each set of rooms has outer windows, mainly on the avenue and street, and the parlor in each case averages 14 by 19 feet, with the bedroom connecting by large sliding doors. Up another flight, and the racket club-rooms are reached. A billiard-room, 23 by 33 feet, lies between the open club-rooms on the one side and the dressing-rooms on the other. From the dressing-rooms the club members have access to the racket-courts above. These courts are large chambers, with a cement floor and brick walls. The stairs from the dressing-rooms lead directly to the gymnasium—a long room, 28 feet in height. Passing through this, a well-lighted passage along the Twenty-sixth street front gives access to two small doors, by which the racket-court floors are carried. The courts are two in number and of equal size—thirty-one feet six inches by sixty-three feet. The brick walls are carried up twenty-eight feet, and are finished off perfectly plumb and smooth. Above these the roof is carried up in a truss and tie-rod construction. The light in the court is obtained by large skylights, occupying about two-thirds of the area over each court. In the gymnasium is a bowling-alley with two runs. Above the gymnasium, in the space of the roof over the racket-courts, are the servants' rooms, for those in the employ of the club and engaged about the house. Another feature is the running track. This makes the circuit of the two racket-courts, and occupies the roof. Twenty times around make a mile. The track is about five feet wide, and finds space against the outer walls on the one side and the slanting truss timbers on the other. It will be ready May 1.

## THE GAMES OF THE WEEK.

A GAME was played at McQuade's Court Dec. 27 between Messrs. Malloy and Sullivan against Hicks and Gleason, which resulted in favor of the former by the appended score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Malloy and Sullivan | 21 | Hicks and Gleason | 20 |
| 2—Malloy and Sullivan | 9 | Hicks and Gleason | 21 |
| 3—Malloy and Sullivan | 21 | Hicks and Gleason | 18 |
| Total | 51 | Total | 59 |

On Dec. 29 a four-handed game was played at McQuade's, in which J Leinahan and M. Gleason were pitted against M. Sullivan and Bernard McQuade. It was best two in three, and was marked by the following score:

| | *Aces.* | | *Aces.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Leinahan and Gleason | 21 | Sullivan and McQuade | 19 |
| 2—Leinahan and Gleason | 21 | Sullivan and McQuade | 17 |
| Total | 42 | Total | 36 |

On Dec. 30 several contests took place at said court, in which some excellent play was shown. The first was one of best three games out of five, in which Hicks of the Mutual nine played against Messrs. Chas. Kaufman and Robt. Brown, the former winning, after a well-played game, by the appended score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Hicks | 21 | Brown and Kaufman | 17 |
| 2—Hicks | 15 | Brown and Kaufman | 21 |
| 3—Hicks | 19 | Brown and Kaufman | 21 |
| 4—Hicks | 21 | Brown and Kaufman | 20 |
| 5—Hicks | 21 | Brown and Kaufman | 14 |
| Total | 97 | Total | 93 |

The same day a four-handed game, best two in three, was played at the same place, between one composed of Theodore "Brown"—a well-known baseball player—and John Leinahan on the one side, and Barney McQuade and Mr. Steele of Philadelphia on the other. The former won the first game, but the two last games were won by McQuade and Steele, the young Philadelphian handling the ball skillfully. The score is as follows:

| | *Game. Aces by Serving.* | *Aces by Returns.* | *Total.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Steele | 1st 0 | 3 | 3 |
| McQuade | 1st 3 | 6 | 9 |
| Brown | 1st 1 | 9 | 10 |
| Leinahan | 1st 3 | 8 | 11—21 |
| Brown | 2d 3 | 6 | 9 |
| Leinahan | 2d 0 | 7 | 7—16 |
| Steele | 2d 3 | 4 | 7 |
| McQuade | 2d 3 | 8 | 11—21 |
| McQuade | 3d 4 | 8 | 12 |
| Steele | 3d 1 | 9 | 10—21 |
| Leinahan | 3d 1 | 11 | 12 |
| Brown | 3d 1 | 5 | 6—16 |

The same day another four-handed game was played there, best two in three, between Morris Moore and Michael Landy on the one side, and Barney McQuade and John Leinahan on the other, which proved to be quite a one-sided affair, Barney and John being too strong a team for their opponents, as the appended score shows:

| | *Game. Aces by Serving.* | *Aces by Returns.* | *Totals.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| McQuade | 1st 1 | 10 | 11 |
| Leinahan | 1st 2 | 8 | 10—21 |
| Moore | 1st 0 | 6 | 6 |
| Landy | 1st 1 | 5 | 6—12 |
| Leinahan | 2d 1 | 5 | 6 |
| Moore | 2d 1 | 5 | 6—8 |
| McQuade | 2d 4 | 9 | 13 |
| Leinahan | 2d 3 | 8 | 8—21 |
| Landy | 3d 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Moore | 3d 2 | 2 | 4—6 |
| McQuade | 3d 4 | 7 | 11 |
| Leinahan | 3d 1 | 9 | 10—21 |

A FINE CONTEST at American rackets took place at McQuade's Court on New-Year's Day, in which Messrs. Leinahan and Flanigan entered the lists against Ryan and McLaughlin. The match was best three in five, and it was won by Leinahan and his partner; and at the close John Leinahan was presented with a gold racket-bat for his fine play. The full score is appended:

| | *Games.* | *Aces by service.* | *Aces by returns.* | *Total.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flanigan | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 |
| Leinahan | 1 | 1 | 3 | 5—8 |
| Ryan | 1 | 4 | 2 | 6 |
| McLaughlin | 1 | 4 | 5 | 9—15 |
| Flanigan | 2 | 0 | 5 | 5 |
| Leinahan | 2 | 5 | 5 | 10—15 |
| Ryan | 2 | 0 | 3 | 3 |
| McLaughlin | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5—8 |
| Flanigan | 3 | 1 | 4 | 5 |
| McLaughlin | 3 | 1 | 5 | 6—9 |
| Leinahan | 3 | 2 | 5 | 7 |
| Flanigan | 3 | 1 | 7 | 8—15 |
| Ryan | 4 | 2 | 5 | 7 |
| McLaughlin | 4 | 3 | 3 | 6—15 |
| Leinahan | 4 | 2 | 6 | 8 |
| Flanigan | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2—10 |
| Ryan | 5 | 0 | 4 | 4 |
| McLaughlin | 5 | 2 | 4 | 6—10 |
| Leinahan | 5 | 2 | 5 | 7 |
| Flanigan | 5 | 3 | 5 | 8—15 |

# THE RING.

THE BRADLEY BENEFIT—HARRY HILL'S OFFERING.—The appeal made in these columns on behalf of the bereaved and destitute wife and family of the late ex-pugilist and sporting man Dominick Bradley has elicited the following from Harry Hill, who, in addition to the offer he makes in the communication, inclosed $5, to which we hope to receive additions, and that speedily: for the cause is not only deserving of public support, but the wants of the family are so pressing as not to admit of delay. We again urge upon the fraternity the necessity of promptly moving in the matter:

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1875.

MR. EDITOR.—*Dear Sir:* The kindly and considerate suggestion of THE CLIPPER, to institute at any early day a benefit for the dependent family of the late Dominick Bradley, and the selection of my Varieties Theatre as an appropriate locality for the benevolent exhibition, meet my hearty concurrence and approval. Nominate, then, any day subsequent to the 30th December, and my best efforts, conjoined with yours, shall be cheerfully rendered to constitute the occasion a worthy tribute to the deceased one and his bereaved and helpless family. The theatre, the orchestra, and the entire troupe attached to the theatre, from the fin sopeano and to accordance with your suggestion, are therefore tendered as the promising initial to the benevolent undertaking. Resp ectfully, etc.,

HARRY HILL.

PATSY SHEPPARD, the skillful New England boxer, is now in the city, having come on for the purpose of seeing the boys and giving an exhibition, which will take place at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 6. Patsy has troops of friends here, both in and out of the profession, and, as they will be sure to rally around his standard, a bang-up show is in prospect. It will be wound up by a set-to between Sheppard and Mike Coburn, and a feature of the variety performance by Hill's company will be a jig by "Babe," a new aspirant for heel-and-toeological honors, who made her debut with the incoming of the Centennial year, and was encouraged to persevere by liberal applause. The beneficiary, Sheppard, is now the proprietor of two places of public resort, one in Providence, R. I., and the other in Worcester, Mass., Johnny Canon being partner with him in the latter.

PETE CROKER AND GEORGE MACARTHY were greeted by a large and more than usually orderly audience upon the occasion of their joint benefit at Hibernia Hall, Gold street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29, when the following sparrers joined issue: Young Taylor and Young Croker, Young Hogan and Gillen, Seddons' Mouse and Cahill, Jerry Leary and Young McCarty, Connolly and Johnny Ritter (?), Eddy Burke and George Macarthy, J. McGee and "Croker's friend," Colt and Smith, Jack Gallagher and Peter Croker. Mike Cullen and J. Martin also sang, and "The Commodore," a wee bit of humanity, danced an Irish jig. Uncle Tovee officiated in his usual capacity, and said he'd be extremely obliged to anybody who would produce a man between 60 and 75 to spar him next month.

DWYER AND TAYLOR.—The glove-match between Steve Taylor of Jersey City and Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn, for $250 a side, has been arranged, the total amount having been posted at Johnston's, Fulton street, in the City of Churches, on the 3d inst. The date fixed upon is Saturday evening, Jan. 22, at some place in New York hereafter to be agreed upon. Taylor's arm is still bad, and for this reason he desired to have the date of sparring put off a week or two later; but, as Johnny was averse to doing so, he concluded to give way in this matter. There is good reason to believe that Taylor's injured member will be in sparring order within a fortnight, however, and, such being the case, an exciting encounter may confidently be looked for when these young giants come together.

FRANK BURNS' show at Harry Hill's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 30, was not largely attended, nor did the sparring amount to much, the few who did go on not doing so, we understand, until the beneficiary had made it an object for them to put up their duke—at least, so it was in the majority of cases. The names of the gladiators were Ed. Mallahan and Mike Coburn. Jim Kelly and the Mouse, Johnny Saunders and Field, McCarthy and Riley, Warry Edwards and Ed. Burke. The variety company also appeared. Uncle Tovee, M. C.

NIPPER IN THE BUD.—A dispatch from Boston, Mass., Jan. 1 says: "A prize-fight which was arranged to take place at North Hanson, Mass., this morning, for a stake of $250, between Michael Burns and George Wilkins, was prevented by the prompt action of the Plymouth County police, the bruisers and their friends being frightened away."

WILLIAM BROWN, an ex-member of the P. R., died in Salford, Eng., Dec. 15.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Homer Lane.

FOOTBALL AT CHICAGO.—An interesting game was played on Christmas-day between the two teams of the Chicago (Ill.) Football Club, the White Jerseys under command of A. H. Hornsby, the captain of the club, and the Blue Jerseys under C. J. Williams. The Blues lost choice of goal and kicked off with wind against them. Play was very even till C. J. Williams got the ball, and after a good run secured a try, which he successfully turned into a goal. After the kick-off the Whites pressed the Blues, and eventually Cragin gained a try for them after a capital run, but failed to score. Faustleroy and the ball was up for the Blues, but the tries at goal were failures in both cases. Several good runs were made on both sides during the game, which lasted two hours. For the Blues, Flanders, Walker and Keith forward, and Booth, half-backed, played well; and for the Whites, Cragin showed very fine play as half-back, as did also Wallace and Ennis forward and W. B. Curtis half-back. The sides were: *Whites:* A. H. Hornsby, captain, and Scott Hastings, back; W. Bosier, three-quarter back; H. B. Cragin and W. B. Curtis, half-backs; W. F. Wallace, L. H. Sullivan, J. Ennis, J. H. Edelman, R. W. Cleveland, C. S. Downs and Pat Murphy, forwards. *Blues:* C. J. Williams, captain, three-quarter back; Valentine, back; W. Booth and L. Rooke, half-backs; W. B. Keith, one-quarter back; J. Flanders, S. Fauntleroy, W. Walker, A. W. Sullivan, Hatch, T. Allcock and Davidson, forwards.

# BASEBALL.

## CLUB RECORDS.
### ARLINGTON CLUB OF NEW YORK.
VICTORIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| May 20, Arlington vs. Star of N. Y., at Brooklyn | 22 | to 5 |
| May 28, Arlington vs. Olympic of N. Y., at Melrose | 17 | 5 |
| May 31, Arlington vs. Concord of Brooklyn, at Brooklyn | 23 | 4 |
| June 5, Arlington vs. Riverton of Riverton, N. J., at Brooklyn | 7 | 3 |
| June 10, Arlington vs. Keystone of N. Y., at Brooklyn | 11 | 6 |
| June 18, Arlington vs. Cataract of N. Y., Melrose | 34 | 15 |
| June 24, Arlington vs. Flyaway of N. Y., at Brooklyn | 7 | 4 |
| June 29, Arlington vs. Cataract of N. Y., at Melrose | 17 | 11 |
| July 1, Arlington vs. Keystone of N. Y., at Brooklyn | 21 | 3 |
| July 7, Arlington vs. Providence of R. I., at Providence | 17 | 5 |
| July 8, Arlington vs. Rhode Island, at Providence | 15 | 2 |
| July 23, Arlington vs. Scranton, at Scranton, Pa., 10 innings | 7 | 5 |
| July 24, Arlington vs. Hyde Park, at Scranton | 41 | 4 |
| July 25, Arlington vs. Providence of Providence, at Scranton | 28 | 7 |
| July 27, Arlington vs. Wilkesbarre, at Wilkes'e, Pa. | 15 | 11 |
| July 29, Arlington vs. Star, at Syracuse, N. Y. | 6 | 3 |

DEFEATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 21, Arlington vs. Irving, at Honesdale, Pa | 6 | 8 |
| July 22, Arlington vs. Carbondale, at Carbon'a, Pa | 3 | 4 |
| July 28, Arlington vs. Cricket of Binghamton, N. Y. | 2 | 9 |
| Aug. 17, Arlington vs. Alaska of N. Y., at Melrose | 3 | 5 |
| FORFEITED. | | |
| June 8, Arlington vs. Olympic of N. Y. | 9 | 0 |

Grand Total—Arlington, 311; Opponents, 113. Average—Arlington, 14.80; Opponents, 5.61.

BATTING AVERAGES.

| | *Games.* | *T. at B.* | *R.* | *B. H.* | *Av. R. to T. at B.* | *Av. B. H. to T. at B.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hovey, r. f | 19 | 48 | 14 | 17 | .292 | .354 |
| Isherwood, 1st b | 20 | 108 | 39 | 37 | .361 | .342 |
| Blodget, p | 20 | 99 | 29 | 29 | .293 | .293 |
| Hayes, l. f. and s. s | 20 | 119 | 41 | 35 | .344 | .294 |
| Brasher, r. f. and s. s | 19 | 100 | 31 | 29 | .310 | .290 |
| Tracy, s. s. and c | 20 | 105 | 31 | 30 | .290 | .286 |
| McDermott, c. f | 18 | 97 | 29 | 26 | .299 | .268 |
| Pursell, 3d b | 21 | 106 | 25 | 27 | .231 | .250 |
| Ryan, 2d b | 21 | 124 | 44 | 30 | .354 | .245 |
| Dungan, c | 16 | 78 | 15 | 17 | .191 | .218 |
| Total average | 18.4 | 98.6 | 29.8 | 27.7 | .302 | .281 |

FIELDING AVERAGES.

| | *Games.* | *P. O.* | *A.* | *Av. P. O.* | *Av. A.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Blodget, p | 20 | 16 | 48 | .80 | 2.40 |
| Dungan, c | 16 | 62 | 16 | 3.87 | 1.00 |
| Isherwood, 1st b | 20 | 210 | 6 | 10.50 | .30 |
| Ryan, 2d b | 21 | 85 | 44 | 4.05 | 2.09 |
| Pursell, 3d b | 21 | 40 | 45 | 1.90 | 2.14 |
| Tracy, s. s and c | 20 | 47 | 73 | 2.35 | 3.60 |
| Brasher, r. f and s. s | 19 | 24 | 26 | 1.26 | 1.36 |
| Hayes, l. f | 20 | 33 | 3 | 1.65 | .10 |
| McDermott, c. f | 18 | 23 | 0 | 1.27 | .00 |
| Hovey, r. f | 9 | 3 | 1 | .33 | .11 |
| Total average | 18.4 | 54.3 | 26 | 2.37 | 1.39 |

SUMMARY OF FIRST-BASE HITS.

| *Arlingtons.* | *Opponents.* | *Totals.* |
|---|---|---|
| Alaska | 6 | 10 |
| Carbondale | 6 | 10 |
| Cataract | 41 | 61 |
| Concord | 20 | 34 |
| Cricket | 10 | 20 |
| Flyaway | 9 | 18 |
| Hyde Park | 24 | 28 |
| Irving | 9 | 15 |
| Keystone | 27 | 44 |
| Olympic | 19 | 23 |
| Providence, Pa | 4 | 22 |
| Providence, R. I | 10 | 18 |
| Rhode Island | 16 | 19 |
| Riverton | 7 | 12 |
| Scranton | 13 | 18 |
| Star of New York | 17 | 20 |
| Star of Syracuse | 5 | 13 |
| Wilkesbarre | 16 | 26 |
| Total base hits | 275 | 430 |
| Average 1B. H. per game | 13.75 | 20.60 |

MOBILE (ALA.) CLUB.
VICTORIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April 18, Mobile vs. Forrest | 11 | to 5 |
| April 25, Mobile vs. Southern | 42 | 15 |
| April 30, Mobile vs. Forrest | 39 | 2 |
| May 1, Mobile vs. R. E. Lee | 37 | 5 |
| May 2, Mobile vs. Whistler | 22 | 20 |
| June 6, Mobile vs. Survivors | 37 | 14 |
| June 13, Mobile vs. R. E. Lee | 12 | 7 |
| June 19, Mobile vs. Picked Nine | 11 | 4 |
| July 4, Mobile vs. Empire | 34 | 14 |
| July 11, Mobile vs. Picked Nine | 19 | 8 |
| Sept. 5, Mobile vs. Forrest | 21 | 5 |
| Sept. 12, Mobile vs. Forrest | 23 | 15 |
| Oct. 17, Mobile vs. Pacific | 26 | 21 |
| Nov. 7, Mobile vs. Forrest | 20 | 9 |
| Nov. 21, Mobile vs. R. E. Lee | 20 | 24 |
| Nov. 28, Mobile vs. Forrest | 18 | 8 |
| Dec. 19, Mobile vs. Forrest | 17 | 10 |

DEFEATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| June 27, Mobile vs. Empire | 15 | 18 |
| Aug. 22, Mobile vs. Forrest | 5 | 14 |
| Aug. 27, Mobile vs. Forrest | 9 | 17 |
| Oct. 10, Mobile vs. Forrest | 15 | 19 |

The club scorer adds: "We won and hold the champion silver-mounted bat, and won the prize at the county fair—open to the State—last Spring."

ST. LAWRENCE CLUB OF KINGSTON, CANADA.
VICTORIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| May 24, St. Lawrence vs. Ottawa, at Ottawa, Ont. | 9 | to 8 |
| June 10, St. Lawrence vs. Watertown, at Kingston | 19 | 5 |
| July 2, St. Lawrence vs. Star of Syracuse, at Watertown, N. Y. | 24 | 6 |
| July 10, St. Lawrence vs. Maple Leaf of Guelph, at Kingston (13 innings) | 3 | 2 |
| July 23, St. Lawrence vs. Ogdensburg, at Ogdensburg | 13 | 6 |
| Aug. 3, St. Lawrence vs. Star of Newburg, at Newburg | 26 | 0 |
| Aug. 9, St. Lawrence vs. Star of Newburg, at Kingston | 36 | 5 |
| Aug. 11, St. Lawrence vs. Ogdensburg, at Kingston | 29 | 4 |
| Aug. 12, St. Lawrence vs. Ottawa, at Kingston | 39 | 8 |
| Aug. 25, St. Lawrence vs. Tecumseh of London | 15 | 7 |
| Aug. 26, St. Lawrence vs. Atna of Toronto, at Toronto | 20 | 6 |
| Aug. 27, St. Lawrence vs. Royal Oak of Bowmanville, at Bowmanville | 40 | 7 |
| Aug. 28, St. Lawrence vs. Blue Sox of Cobourg, at Cobourg | 40 | 4 |

DEFEATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 1, St. Lawrence vs. Flyaway of New York, at Kingston | 3 | 9 |
| July 5, St. Lawrence vs. Live Oak of Lynn, at Watertown | 1 | 17 |
| July 6, St. Lawrence vs. Flyaway of New York, at Watertown | 2 | 12 |
| Aug. 24, St. Lawrence vs. Mapleleaf of Guelph, at Guelph | 8 | 10 |
| Aug. 31, St. Lawrence vs. New Haven (prof.) of New Haven, Ct., at Kingston | 3 | 15 |
| Sept. 1, St. Lawrence vs. New Haven (prof.) of New Haven, Ct., at Kingston | 6 | 13 |
| Sept. 11, St. Lawrence vs. Maple Leaf of Guelph, at Toronto | 0 | 9 |
| Sept. 15, St. Lawrence vs. Live Oak of Lynn, at Rome, N. Y. | 3 | 12 |

A GAME ON JAN. 1.—The weather on New-Year's being just right for ball-playing, the Resolute Club of Renovo, Pa., challenged a picked nine to play them a game, the first of the Centennial year. The contest was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, and was very exciting, as shown by the innings score given below. The ground was rather soft, hard-hit balls being easily stopped and fielded.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Resolute | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1—5 |
| Picked Nine | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1—4 |

Umpire, David Long of Resolute B. B. C. Scorer, Geo. W. Hitz

A GOOD CATCHER is wanted for a first-class club in Canada. See advertisement.

# AQUATICS.

## A CENTENNIAL SAILING REGATTA.

Among the sporting events which are embraced in the programme of attractions arranged by the Centennial Commission for the proper celebration of the great anniversary is a grand yachting regatta in this harbor. The appended circular has been issued by the commission:

An International Regatta, under the auspices of the United States Centennial Commission, will take place in the harbor of New York on or about the 22d day of June, 1876. This regatta will be open to all the yachts belonging to or gaining the ports. The Centennial Commission will award medals and diplomas to the winning yachts of each class, in addition to the prizes offered by the yachting organizations. The arrangements in this regard have been placed in the hands of the following committee: Geo. Livingland, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, chairman; John S. Dickerson, Commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, secretary; John C. Ferris, Boston, Commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club; W. L. Swan, Commodore of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club; Wm. T. Garner, Vice-president of the New York Canoe Club; Nicholas Kane, Secretary, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. Correspondence may be addressed to the gentlemen named, who will have charge of the details of the regatta, and will furnish all information with regard to it.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, President U. S. C. C.

THE COLLEGE ROWING ASSOCIATION will hold an adjourned meeting at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, this city, on Tuesday, Jan. 4, when the action of Harvard in regard to the proposal to withdraw from that body will be made known. It is intimated that the committee appointed at the meeting of collegians in Cambridge have reported in favor of remaining in the Association until after the regatta of 1876.

THE SPECIAL MEETING of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, called at the request of fifteen clubs, for the purpose of considering certain amendments to Article 3 of the Constitution, and such other business as may be presented, will be held at the Metropolitan Hotel, this city, on Thursday, Jan. 20, at 12 o'clock A. M.

FAST STEAMING.—The steamship City of Richmond (Inman line), which left this port Dec. 18, is reported to have arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, Dec. 26, making the trip in 7 days 18 hours, actual time. The City of Berlin's time (fastest) is 7d. 15h. 48m.

THE YACHT SAPPHO has been sold by Mr. Douglas to an Italian nobleman who resides at Nice, the price paid being very steep.

# PEDESTRIANISM.

DANIEL O'LEARY has forwarded to the editor of *Bell's Life in London* the sum of £100, in support of an acceptance of the challenge issued on behal

## BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Twelve strikes the clock. The year has fled—
The year with all its experience—
Its voice of joy, its tears half shed,
Its longing and completeness;
Its woe for me, its joy for you,
Its hours of pain and gladness;
And now Time fills the glass anew—
God grant it holds no sadness.

For in the year that just has fled
Some fond hopes have been blighted,
And some have joined the silent dead
Who in its dawn delighted.
Well, fill the cup and drink to-day
With mirthful speech and laughter,
And cheer the hours which pass away—
God knows what cometh after.

'Tis well that He has kindly hid
The future from our seeing,
And closed beneath a shrouding lid
His mind from every being.
Life's field has roses for the bee,
It also has its stubble,
And you and I, my friend, might see
A world full of trouble.

For what is hid we'll not repine,
There is no use in whining,
For somewhere, with a light divine,
The sun is always shining.
And never was a night so dark
But what there came a morning;
Take courage, friend, and wait the lark
That loudest sings at dawning.

If Time, the reaper, seeks to mow
Amid our fields and doors,
He shall not hear the voice of woe—
We'll dim his scythe with roses.
We'll gather round the cheerful grate
And fill anew our glasses;
And should he seek to find our gate,
We'll mock him while he passes.

And though the days may bear us on
While e Old and New Years mingle,
Still other tones when we are gone
Shall raise their happy jingle.
What matters it? Forever young,
While time speeds on nor falters,
We still shall be, although the tongue
Is silent by our altars.

Although the ear that caught each tone
No more perchance may hear us,
And friends may journey on alone
Who used to journey near us,
We pass, we go, we are not dead—
Life once is life eternal;
And tears of grief or friendship shed
We see in climes supernal.

We drink the present hours to-day,
Unheeding of the morrow,
Although its onward path may lay
Through troubled fields of sorrow.
Love while we live; to fear, no slave;
No thought for future taking;
Like foam we'll sparkle on life's wave,
And vanish with its breaking.

# VIOLET MILDMAY;
OR,
# IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.
A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

Enough that woman's smile no more
Can win a smile from me,
Enough that on another shore
My heart was won from me.

The three men, Job, Willie, and the captain, traversed the subterranean passage as far as the cave. Here Job paused and said:

"You've seen enough for to-night, captain, and you had better get on to bed. What's your decision?"

"My decision," said the captain, "is already and firmly made. I join you."

"Done," said Job, holding out his hand. "We're in your power, in a manner of speaking, captain, but you're a gentleman, and I ain't afeard. There's one thing, as I regret to say afore we parts, and that is, that we don't stand no nonsense, and that if we finds one on us playing false, why, we gets rid of him. That's plain, but I'm a plain-spoken man."

The captain smiled darkly, and the curious expression once again crossed his face.

"As you say," he said, "you can easily get rid of a man; but I do not need to be reminded of the penalty that would follow treachery. I shall keep faith."

"Good," said Job. "Well, then, I'll let you into another secret. From here there is another outlet, and a more comfortable one. We can't use it, not we rough men, because it's known to the house; but you can, because if you're found near the entrance, why, there'll be no questions asked."

"I see," said the captain. "I can say that I am taking a midnight stroll and a cigar."

"Will you have one?" asked Job, taking a bundle of cigars from a hole in the cave. "They're choice, they are; you couldn't buy 'em under five pounds a pound," and he paused.

"My share of the booty at present," said the captain. "I will light it when we get outside."

Job went into a corner and scraped some chalk from a small hole. He then inserted his hand in the hole and pulled out an iron rod like a bell-pull. There was a small door a few feet farther along the chalk road, and Job nodded to it.

"Here you are, captain. It's a better road than the other; not so back-breaking. You'll want a light," and he held out the lantern.

"Thanks," said the captain, glancing at the dark passage with anything but delight. "There's plenty of oil, I suppose."

"Plenty," said Willie, "if so be you aint over-particular. The road turns and turns a bit, so mind you don't drop the lantern, or you'll knock your head."

The captain smiled, but he could not suppress a shudder as he plunged himself shut up in that noisome passage without light or guide.

But there was nothing for it but to obey the will of his mentors, and so, with an assumption of cheerful alacrity, he took the lantern, trimmed it, and passed into the passage.

"Good-night," he said; "you may shut the door."

The door slammed too swiftly, cutting off the sound of the men's voices, and the captain proceeded on his weird and ghostly way.

As Job had said, the passage was wider and higher, and the road not so painfully uncomfortable as that by which they had reached the cliffs, so that, with a feeling of relief that the captain found himself alone to battle with his plans, his fears were in a measure, and fully expected to wake and find himself lying in bed; but a glance at the damp-stained walls of the rudely-cut passage impressed the reality of the scene upon him, and it was with a smile of sardonic amusement that he reflected he had in one and the same night solved the mystery of the White Nun and become a smuggler.

As the lantern was burning rather dimly, and he had a great dread of being in the dark in such a place, he hurried on, and found himself more quickly than he had expected at the end of the long passage, which was terminated by a small door. A bar of iron extending crosswise protected it outside, and he lost no time in pushing the iron pin from its socket. The captain thrust the pin through and the door opened. To his surprise a gush of warm but pure air greeted him, and with a feeling of extreme satisfaction he knew that he was once more above ground.

"Now where am I?" he thought.

A glance showed him. Before the door was a large, dense bush, which effectually concealed it from observation. Pushing the bush aside with some difficulty, the captain looked out and saw that he was in a portion of the disused garden nearest the house. With a thrill of delight he extinguished the flickering flame in the lantern and pushed his way through the bush, which was composed of interwoven branches. That he lit his cigar and, with his hands in his pockets, sauntered toward the house.

He had no fear of meeting anyone, and his mind was so confused by the events of the night and the possibilities that they opened up to him that he determined to think them out in the open air a while, before ascending to his chamber. So he sauntered on, preoccupied, and was somewhat startled by a footstep and a sudden sensation of someone's hands at his throat. Before he could realize the situation he was on his back. With an exclamation deep and low, he threw up his arms and struggled with his assailant, and a moment later regained his feet, and, despite the advantage was lost again, for the gallant pinned him to the wall of the house, and in stern voice inquired:

"Who are you, fellow?"

"What!" exclaimed the captain, as the familiar tones smote his ear, "what Leicester Dodson!"

"Captain Ian Hamilton-Pointdexter," mimicked Leicester, for it was he, dropping his grasp from the captain's arm and staring in the dim light.

The captain shook himself and glared with an evil hatred at the stalwart figure.

"You are late, Mr. Dodson, and pugilistic."

"You are late," said Leicester, utterly ignoring the latter speech, and speaking in the stern and suspicious tone. "You are out late, and, if there is any excuse for my sister, that and the fact of a man's figure prowling round the house at such an unwonted hour must supply it."

"Prowling!" said the captain. "Prowling is a strong term to apply to the well I gentleman may take at any hour in the grounds of the house at which he is a guest. It is not so strange or unwarrantable a term to apply to the uninvited and unwelcome presence of a comparative stranger."

There was reason in the retort, but Leicester disregarded it or willfully misunderstood it.

"I saw a man come from behind that bush," he said pointing to the bush which concealed the door, and in vain striving to get a clear idea of the expression on the captain's face.

"Not that, but another," said the captain readily. "I had been to light a cigar, the wind preventing it here in the open. I cannot recognize your right to put these questions, and I cannot understand your ground for doing so. May I ask, and I ask as the friend of Miss Mildmay, and as John Mildmay's friend, what business brought you here so late—here in the private grounds of the Park, and so close to the house?"

Leicester remained silent for a moment. Should he avow his suspicions to the captain, and demand an explanation, or should he temporize a while and trust to chance to confirm or dispel those suspicions?

"It is a fair question," he said at last, having decided to take the middle course, and to convict the captain of some unfair design if it were possible, out of his own mouth; "it is a fair question, and I will answer it. You cannot be ignorant that an interest attaches to these grounds," and he glanced at the ruins, "there is something there to excite the curious. I may have come to see the ghost."

The captain smiled grimly.

"Have you seen it?" he asked.

"I have," said Leicester.

The captain was almost guilty of a start.

"You are more fortunate than I," he said. "I have not seen it. It is true that I have been walking on the wrong side of the house. I am particularly the unfortunate party, for if I am not mistaken your fingers have left their marks on my arms and chest, Mr. Leicester Dodson."

He spoke with an assumption of pleasant coolness, but he longed to dash at the young man's throat and pay back score for score.

"I am very sorry," said Leicester. "I beg you will impute all your hard usage to my excess of zeal for the protection of my sister, which is properly. To be candid, I took you for a burglar——"

"Burglars do not go about their work with a cigar," said the captain quietly.

"Or worse," said Leicester. "Either a burglar or one of the villains who for some purpose of their own are playing the ghost trick."

The captain smiled and said Leicester keenly.

"You think, then," he said, "that the ghost is a trick of some of the village boys?"

"Or villains," said Leicester, who knew that he could not get anything from the captain, and determined to cut the conversation short and get home.

He had cast his first shot, and he had reserved it for the purpose.

"Or villains. I am sure there is some trickery at the bottom of it, and I cannot conceive a man playing it for so long without an end in view. However, this is not the time for a ventilation of the subject. I am sorry I made the mistake, and I apologize."

The captain bowed.

"I am not very much hurt," he said. "Another time, perhaps, when you take your stroll of investigation round the Park, you will please to give me warning, and I will keep to my room."

Leicester bowed as if the words were meant seriously and had no covert sneer.

"By the way," he said, "are you aware that your window is wide open, and that there is a light burning in the room?"

"Perfectly," said the captain, who had quite forgotten the fact, "perfectly. I set it open to air the room, and the light was left to frighten the ghost."

"I will find some more effectual way of doing that," said Leicester decisively. "Good-night."

"Good-night," said the captain, and Leicester, no nearer the truth as regarded the true character of the man he suspected, strode away.

The captain waited until his firm footstep had died out on the hard road, then went softly to the back of the house. With great care and circumspection he drew his rope from the ivy and climbed to his room. Then he shut down the window and sank into a chair lost in thought. The sun was creeping up above the sea before he had dropped to sleep, and when he did these words haunted him:

"We could get a man put out of the way, and none be the wiser!"

### CHAPTER XXVII.

Oh, that the gods would give the sudden sense,
Or power miraculous, to see my heart
Faithful and bleeding.

Leicester had spoken the truth when he had said, in answer to the captain's inquiry, that he had been out to see the ghost. But he had another object. Since the morning when he had come upon the captain seated in the ruined chapel he could not rid himself of the suspicion that the captain was implicated in the eavesdropping of his servant Jem, and that the astute and plausible master was the prime mover and director of some plot, while Jem was only the machine or tool. Therefore, being not able to sleep, partly from his unhappiness concerning Violet, and his disquietude born of his suspicion, he had sauntered out and made his way to the Park. While there he had caught a glimpse of the ghost flitting past the ruins. He was about to pursue it when he saw the captain emerging from behind the bush. Instantly suspecting that it was one of the gang, he bore down upon him as we have seen. And now he told himself he was as far from the truth as ever. Like the captain, he sank into a chair and gave himself up to thought, with this result:

"Why should I waste time and energy on a futile object? It is like a horse turning a mill to grind wind! Violet Mildmay will marry Lord Fitz. He intellectual and the talented! She has made up her mind to marry a coronet," he murmured bitterly, "and she would not marry Leicester Dodson the tallow-melter's son, if he remained hanging at her apron-strings till doomsday. As for Captain Howard Murpoint, he may be an honest man and he may not. I was a fool not more to solve the problem or to bring him to justice. Let the world wag on its way; as for me, I will arise, shake off this infatuation—for it is nothing better—and seek fresh fields and pastures new. I shall have something to do in Africa, and I shall forget her."

He rose, but the last words echoed in his heart.

"Forget her," he murmured, as he dragged a portmanteau out into the middle of the room. "Forget her! Shall I forget her?" he thought, calling up the vision of Violet's sweet face, as he remembered it during those few blissful days before Lord Fitz had arrived. "Well," he added suddenly and hastily, "I will try, and no man can do more."

Then he took from the drawers a quantity of necessary articles of clothing and packed them in the portmanteau. When it was filled he locked it and attached a label addressed: "To be taken in the yacht to the Isle of Man, where the skipper will put in until I come."

"I'll go overland," he muttered, "to cut the journey short, and they shall pick me up there."

Then he carried the portmanteau into his dressing-room, and placed it where his valet could see it. The man was used to acting on such curt and sudden instructions, and would convey the portmanteau, with its terse command, to the skipper of the yacht the first thing in the morning. Having made his arrangements so far, Leicester slowly undressed and got to bed.

"I must wake early," he thought. "Bertie is going to-morrow, and must know of my intended flight, or he will feel hurt."

But the morning came and he was sound asleep when Bertie knocked at the door.

"I'm going, old fellow," he called through the keyhole. "Don't get out of bed. Good-bye; I shall be back in a couple of days."

"Good-bye," said Leicester drowsily, half-asleep and half-awake, and Bertie was gone.

Could either have foreseen even for twenty hours how different would have been the parting of the friends! When he came into the breakfast-room he found his mother, fond and thoughtful as ever, waiting at the table to see that he had his breakfast comfortably. He went in and kissed her with a marked affection.

"If she had not led me on, merely to throw me away as she throws those flowers, I should have been contented still," he said to himself.

"That is unjust," she said; "there are beauty and perfume in a wild flower that a rose might sigh for in vain."

"Do you pluck them for their worth, or but to gratify the whim of the moment? It does not matter. Miss Mildmay, the flowers are but flowers, and but little consequence. But there are other things higher in the scale which a woman gathers with reckless mood to fling aside with wanton scorn. You ask me what they are?" he continued, standing stern and passionate before her. "I answer—hearts. Hearts are only hearts," you may reply; but I tell you, Miss Mildmay, as one who speaks from experience, that a man's heart counts for something in the universe, and that a man's life is too high a thing to be wasted for a woman's toy."

He paused a moment. Violet, who had stood silent and motionless, was silent still, but a burning flush of indignation rushed to her face. He mistook it for conscious guilt and shame, and it maddened him.

"I speak harshly," he said. "But I pray you pardon me if for to-night, the last night I shall have the happiness of seeing you, I cast off the falsities of conventionality, and speak as a man wronged and injured in the woman he has wronged and injured him. That I cannot heal the wound I have inflicted on me I am assured; but I may prevent you wounding others. You are young, Miss Mildmay, and there is a life before you in which you will have it in your power to save hearts or break them. I ask you to-night, here and now, to decide. I implore you to cast off coquetry and be, what you are at heart, a woman true and noble! Be contented with the harm you have done, and lay aside the power of which my wasted life is the dire evidence——"

He paused, more for lack of breath than words and passion to speak them, and then Violet found her tongue.

"Sir!" she said, in that suppressed voice which tells of the heart's conflict. "Are you mad?"

"No!" he said hoarsely, "but I have been. I am sane now, Miss Mildmay, sane and sorrowful. The glamour which you had cast over me I have driven off. I see you in your true light, and I rise from the heaven to which you entered me down to the earth. I will call you by that name once and for the last time—you taught me to love you but to scorn the slave who knelt at your feet. You made me a toy to be cast aside when the new one should come. It came, and your slave, your toy, was forgotten, or remembered only in your contempt. You had won in the game which plays with the hearts and lives of woman's heart. You had won, and I had lost that without which a man's life is waste and useless—the trust in woman's honor. You have won my heart, and I leave it with you; judge whether the prize was worth the ignoble game!"

"Stay!" said Violet, silencing the torrent of passionate accusation by a look proud and indignant. "Do you permit the accused a word in self-defense?"

Leicester averted his head.

"What can you say save what has been already said? Look back and let the past be an accuser, if you need another. Look back so short a time as to the days when you found no smile too kind or words too sweet. Look back and tell me—the man whose heart you have won and thrown aside—if there be aught that can plead for you."

"Do you look back," said Violet haughtily, "and find words you can oppose to mine? You call me a coquette—can you, in your own conscience find an ignoble name for you? If I be a coquette—which I deny——"

Leicester turned with a hard, cold smile.

"I should have known that an appeal would be useless. Your class have one stereotyped reply, Miss Mildmay. When we come, as I, fool-like, have come, to show you our minds, you tell us that, like moths, we wooed our own destruction. You would have us remember that, if we must hope upon your smiles and soft speeches, we have only our own presumption to blame; and you hint that the beauty which snared us was free to all, and that if we found danger in it we should have avoided it. Oh, spare me such a vain retort! Enough that, to feed a base vanity, you played to win my love, and have now cast it aside for a better man's. In that short sentence all is said. You are fair, and I—well, being a man with a heart, I was foolish. But, oh, shame that one se fair should be false!"

"False!" breathed Violet, her eyes flashing, her lips trembling with indignation and passionate agony.

"Aye, false!" he retorted sternly. "False to the pure promptings of your own nature, false to your own heart, and false to mine. Enough; forgive me if you can, I do not doubt you will forget me; but forgive me, if you can, for speaking as I have done. You will never again hear either from these lips. They should have uttered none now, but the heart will assert itself sometimes, do what we will to keep it silent. Mine has spoken for the last time."

He stopped and waited motionless and stern as a statue, or some pagan at the altar on which his dearest lay sacrificed. Violet would have spoken, but she had no words. His words weighed all hers back—choked them on her lips. He had called her false, coquette, base. Ah, what that was bitter and cruel had he not called her? Her agony was too great for words—even for tears. He waited for the reply; none came. He took her silence as a confession of guilt. So he turned, and, with a drooped head, left her, mistaken and blind to the last.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VELOCITY AND DURATION OF LIGHTNING.—A large flash of lightning, distinctly seen, often leaves upon the mind an impression that it has lasted fully a second or more, but it is proved that such is not the fact. Its velocity is at the rate of 288,000 miles per second. The utmost duration of a flash from beginning to end is estimated not to exceed the sixtieth part of a second, though retained upon the fretina so much longer. This may be proved during a storm on a perfectly dark night by setting a wheel to work so rapidly that in a steady light its spokes appear to blend and become individually invisible. At being dark, and the wheel rapidly revolving when a flash of lightning occurs, every spoke will appear to the eye instantaneous, every spoke being distinctly and separately visible and still. This was first observed by Wheatstone, and is recorded by him, in conjunction with other similar experiments, as conclusive proof that the duration of the flash is excessively brief.

WHOLE years of joy glide unperceived away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.

EVERY great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that point he could not borrow.

AN able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

## THE AUTHOR'S BENEFIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Brilliant Success!" the play-bills said,
Flaming all over the town one day,
Blazing in characters blue and red—
Printed for posting, by the way.
Before the public had seen the play—
Received with Thunders of Applause!
New Piece! New Author!! Tremendous Hit!!!"
This was on Tuesday; still it draws.
And to-night is the Author's Benefit.

New piece—I've a word to say about that.
Nine years ago—it may be more—
There came one day to the manager's door
A hopeful man, with a modest rat-tat,
Who smilingly entered, took off his hat,
And, begging the great man's pardon, slipt
Into his hand a manuscript.
In a month he came again: "The play,
Which I troubled you with the other day——"
"The play? Oh, ah," says the manager,
Poliest of men. "Excuse me, sir—
This being considered." Fails to see
He hasn't looked at the title yet?)
"I'll drop you a line; or you'll confer——"
A favor by calling a week from next year."
And he turned him out with a model bow.
Eight days later again they met—
Modest author as hopeful as ever;
But the great man finished with his business thus:
"I've read your play, sir—very clever;
But" (handing it back to him) "I regret
It isn't exactly the thing for us."
Good-morning, sir!" Politest of men!
Nine years ago—it may be ten.

Author and piece were now enough then;
But sorrow and toil and poverty
Have taken the place of hope in him—you see—
And the play was afterwards knocked about
The theatres, keeping company
With dice and euchre packs so long,
And pipes and actors' paint, it grew
To look so dingy and smell so strong,
You'd have called it anything but new!
Till gruff and gouty old Montagu
Happened to take it up one day;
'Twas after dinner; he thought, no doubt,
'Twould help him to a nap. "But stay!
What in the devil, boys!" Here's a play!"
He rubbed his glasses, forgot his gout,
And read till he started up with a shout:
"Tis just the thing for my *protégée*,
And bang me if I don't bring it out!"

"Tremendous Hit!"
In the vast theatre's hollow sphere
High hangs the glittering chandelier;
Its bright beams flash on
Beauty and fashion;
A sea of life pours into the pit,
And cloud upon cloud piles over it,
Where Youth and Pleasure and Mirth and Passion
And Years and Folly and Wisdom and Wit
Throng to the Author's Benefit.

Tinkle! tinkle! The music hushes;
Up to the prompter the great curtain rushes;
And a world of surprise
To fresh gouts of applause
A realm of enchantment glows and flushes.
Head of Jessie, heart of Jew,
Snuffy and puffy old Montagu
Watches his ward as a lynx his prey—
Wheedling lovers and reckless beaux;
Though naught but praise of his *protegee*
Will be hear from another, he follows the play
With eyes that threaten and brows that rebuke her.
The prince of the playing machine
In the intervals of their parts; the clown,
Dull fellow enough when the curtain is down,
Has had, they say,
A hard day to-day;
The merry ghost of the murdered man
Takes pleasant revenge on the whiskered villain
At a game of chess which they began
In the green-room just before the killing;
The beggar is scuffling with the king;
And the lovesick maiden is gossiping
With the sheriff's officers, pieces of all good fellows;
And some are sad and some are gay,
Some are in love and some are jealous;
And there's many a plan within the play!
And the author, where is he all the while is he?
How seems it to him? Were I in his place,
Turning at last my tolfworn face
From the dreary deserts of poverty,
Wouldn't all my heart keep high to see
The flowers of beauty and fashion and grace,
One mass hued, gay,
Immense bouquet,
Flaunting and flutter, here for me!
The costumed players, even she,
The bright young queen
Of the present scene,
Speaking his speeches, living his thought;
And all this vast, pulsating mass
Held captive by the spell he wrought—
Held tearless like a new-born babe,
That bursts in breakers of wild applause—
Wouldn't you fancy was had some cause
For an honest thrill, spare me the fee?
But where, as we said, can the fellow be?
In the door of the lobby stands a man
Seedily dressed in a suit of black;
The crowd is pushing and pressing him back:
Can it possibly be
Is it really he?—
This seedy and seedy man whose wit
Is making the playgoers laugh to-night
As if its very sides would split?
Stretching his neck and tiptoeing tall,
He can see that the curtain is down—that's all.
And he guesses aright what the tumult's about—
They're trying to call the author out!
The manager appears in his place
And delivers with characteristic grace
A neat little speech, of about a minute
With plenty of pleasant nothings in it;
And then, with a beautiful peroration—
Just the thing for the happy occasion—
Bails off in the name of a grand sensation.

All is over, and out with the throng
The jostled author is borne along.
Will the fresh young eyes, I wonder, see
The crumpled man in the crowd, and note
The napless hat and the seedy coat?
Alone, unknown, he goes his way;
None so unknown and lonely as he!
While he hears at his side a sweet voice say,
"Oh, what wouldn't anyone give to be
I know he is handsome—he must be gay,
And full—chock full of that I'm not so certain:
Why didn't it come before the curtain?"

W. E. W.

## "THIRTY MINUTES LATE;"
OR,
## WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

"Bardwell's Great Metropolitan Comedy Company from New York" exhibited at Ruraldale last night, and took a train for Cloverburg early this morning, changing cars at Cabbage Hill. The romancing bill-writer avowed that the "Aggregation" comprised "a constellation of twenty-four of the most famous stars in the dramatic firmament." Fourteen were nearer the mark than twenty-four. Business had been "good" at Ruraldale—that is to say, they had paid all the expenses, and left a little money in the pocket of the manager, and with the exception of a few "paper" holders and reckless beaux, who thought naught but praise of his *protegee*

### WINTER'S HOPE.

The Autumn days are gone—all flown;
The yellowing leaves from off the trees
Are shed, with sad and doleful moan
Of whistling wind and mournful breeze.

The cumbered earth bears far and near
Those saddening signs of Autumn's death:
And leafless forests, moist and drear,
Oppress us with their chilly breath.

But let us look around once more—
Is there no beam to cheer our sight?
No rift in these dark clouds: Ah! sure,
We are not left without some light?

No; 'tis not so! E'en while we gaze,
See, from yon hill the red sun rise,
Blushing with his cheering rays
The earth that all so darkly lies.

And in deserted hedgerow springs
The hawthorn berry, brave and bright;
While perched atop the robin sings
His clear, sweet song with all his might.

Our life will come to Autumn hours,
And all may chill and dreary seem,
Even then we'll find some flowers,
And even then some joyous beam.

Repine not, therefore, that thy youth
And manhood's prime so swiftly flee;
Lo! with advance of years come truths,
New life, new hope, calm joys for thee.

## "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT AGENT-ING."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ED. MARBLE.

How many exciting beings are there who, without any experience whatever, imagine themselves the most capable of individuals to fill the position of agent with one of the traveling organizations of the amusement world, and who run away with the idea that all that is necessary to become one is to smoke cigars incessantly, wear a large Ulster with a terrific fur collar and an extra-sized diamond pin, stop at good hotels, and have a plentiful supply of slang and a ready flow of curses to distribute proportionately among printers, billposters, telegraph offices, etc. I do not wish the reader to entertain the idea that I was entirely free from a few of these odd notions that characterize a would-be agent, as I launched out into the field as avant-courrier for Charles Barron, now leading gentleman of the Boston Museum. I had not met Barron (since I had the pleasure of playing with him at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia) for several seasons, until the time above-mentioned, when he had determined to burst forth as a comet upon the "yahoos" of Dubuque, Bloomington, and other extravagant cities of Western growth, where the hay-seed springs up with a greater vigor than a taste for theatricals, and wherein many a "poor player's" little all-in-all—his wardrobe—remains in solitary confinement for an unlimited period, as a terrible sequel to a sad tale of managerial imprudence in entering these places during a season of festivals, fairs, fetes, revivals, and other epidemics, which are a rule manager to accept every evening of the year as a social amusement for the rustic lads and lasses who survive a life-time in these one-street villages. However, not to digress from my subject, nor dwell too long on the many advantages of a lengthy residence of "Heaven save the mark!"—in these little Avenues of "peace, and mournful quietude, I will lay them quietly on the shelf, and continue with "What I Know About Agent-ing."

I was almost insane upon the determination of changing my "line of business." I had been a bad actor long enough to thoroughly disgust the public and myself, while sleeping in mine orchard"—the little back sofa in the "Actors' Retreat," a hard saloon near by—it suddenly came over me like a dream!

"I must be a terror!" said I to myself, and I immediately proceeded to kick myself because I had allowed the public to get the best of me, and be the first to make the discovery. If there were more at present like unto me in those bygone days, what a deal of successful kicking could be done in the majority of theatres in the country to-day.

However, my mind was soon at rest, for my friend Barron arrived in the city, and was on the lookout for an agent. He was fresh from his wonderful Dubuque success, and was on his way to fulfill an engagement of five nights at Bloomington, Ill., under the management of poor Dick Richards—"rest his soul!"—who was struggling hard to establish a regular season in that little town. I was engaged by Barron, and that evening we found ourselves on our journey. Upon the cars Barron remarked:

"Ned, do you know anything about Bloomington?"

"No," said I; "but I will to-morrow."

"Alas!" said Barron, "we may know too much before the week expires."

"Where is it?" said I.

"What!" continued my star. "Do you mean to say you have never heard of the city of Bloomington?"

"Never. When was it born?" was my response.

"Quite an old place," said Barron; but before he could continue his speech, a voice from the seat behind us broke in:

"Say, hic—you—hic—going to Bloomington?"

"Yes, sir," said I, speaking for my star.

"Say," said our newly-found friend, who was just about as near drunk as a sober man can be—"s-a-y, do you know Ellen Decker?"

"Not that I'm aware of," was my pleasant answer.

"W-e-ll," proceeded our friend, "Ellen Decker—she's a hummer;" and with this forcible illustration of Miss Decker's qualities, he produced from a small basket two pickles. "You're bully good fellers. I'll bet," said he, proceeding to present us each with a pickle, and throwing his head enough forward to permit of our inhaling sufficient whiskey from his breath to give a temperance lecturer the jim-jams.

"Have a pickle?" said he.

"No, thank you," said I.

"Say—le-ok here!" continued our friend, who was fast becoming a nuisance, "have a pickle—you?" offering one to Barron who politely declined it.

At this point our "boozy" friend arose to his feet, and with a genuine old Kentucky yell, which might have been heard on the locomotive, he called out "Three cheers for Ellen Decker!" with such terrific force as to awake an elderly gentleman in the seat opposite, who sprang up, evidently impressed with the idea that he was shut up with a lunatic; but, before he was allowed time enough to collect his scattered senses, our friend had seized him by the first one hand, and with the other was endeavoring to force one of the rejected pickles down his throat, with the consoling remark:

"Best thing in the world for nightmare, stranger. Once more for Ellen Decker!"

With these remarks our friend resumed his seat behind us, and, upon assuring us that he was shortly to produce from that basket containing the pickles some A No. 1 whiskey, he quickly sank into a blissful repose, and was speedily snoring at a terrific rate.

Barron suggested the propriety of changing our seats to the other end of the car, which I immediately seconded, and we were soon snugly quartered in the extreme front, out of our friend's hearing, and were again talking over the prospects of Bloomington, while peace at last had come to us, and all was quiet on the C., St. L. & A. R. R.

But our tranquility was not for long, for "Ellen Decker" was soon astir on the war-path; and upon finding us no longer his neighbors, he was in a quandary—he was uncertain as to whether we had left him, or he had left us. But by looking into the seat opposite, he saw his victim to the pickles, and discovered that we had given him the go-by. Where upon he immediately began a siege of pickles upon us the extreme length of the car; and as one would speedily follow another, he would ejaculate: "Bully good boys, I'll bet," varied by the never-to-be-forgotten "Ellen Decker forever!" After his supply of ammunition (in the pickle line) had run out, and he had wiped out our battery so unsuccessfully, he proceeded to charge on our works, and was soon to the front. It was useless to notice him, as we found him more apt to succumb to our silence than to aught else. He again renewed his promise about that A No. 1 whiskey, and returned to his seat, to provide himself with a gentle reminder, returning again to renew his promise. This exceedingly agreeable entertainment was repeated about ten consecutive times, never forgetting a word of praise for "Ellen Decker." And then, as the conductor shouted in the door "Bloomington!" we picked up our little traps and beat a hasty retreat, only too glad to be rid of our infatuated "Ellen Decker"-ite. Whoever the unfortunate young lady may have been, were he to bestew as much of his tongue (and as little of his No. 1 promissory whiskey) upon her as he did upon us, she needed the sympathy of the nation.

We were there!

"Ye gods!" said I to Barron, "is this Bloomington, the great city?" as we stood upon the platform at the depot. We looked for a conveyance, and saw, at the other end of the depot, one four-wheeled contrivance which resembled an omnibus, and close by its side an undertaker's ambulance—the latter article being rather suggestive of what one might expect were he wild enough to migrate to such places.

"Want a ride?" said an urchin of some fourteen years of age, with whip in hand, as he approached us.

"Yes," said Barron; "take us to the best hotel in the place."

We jumped into the apology for an omnibus, only hesitating a moment to refuse the appeal of the undertaker's wagon to stop at their hotel.

"Best in the city; dollar and a half a day, etc."

We jogged along at a regular country gait. Probably the reader may have been, at some unfortunate period of his existence, while traveling country show. If so, it is not necessary to describe or picture one of these vehicles. They are to be found in every country town from Maine to California, and contain uncushioned seats on each side, a small piece of tallow-candle for a head-light, and a handful of straw for the comfort of its passengers.

At the expiration of some fifteen minutes we were dropped down at the "best hotel in the city;" and if the exterior was a fair sample of the interior, we feared our fate was sealed. After our knocking and hammering on the doors and windows for about ten minutes longer, a very dirty-faced boy, with a much dirtier shirt and the dirtiest hands, proceeded to admit us. With a yawn and a stretch, which seemed to express the fact that arrivals at night were unusual, he took us in from head to foot; and, walking behind a two-by-five counter, produced a very greasy-looking register, upon which I inscribed my star's name in flaming letters, with my own beneath.

"Bunk together?" said the youth.

Thinking "a nod as good as a wink," I indulged in a respectful acknowledgment in that shape. We were soon allotted a room. Then, taking from behind the counter a half-candle in a candlestick, the youth led the way to our quarters for the remainder of the night. We immediately prepared to retire, and, after thanking Heaven for ridding us of "Ellen Decker," we turned into our "little bed"—a genuine old corn-husk!

Had the corn-husk been all we had to encounter, we should have rested in peace. There was no doubting the fact that corn-husks in that section of the country were extremely healthy. My star sat on the window-sill all night, while I, after shaking a sheet out of the window and clearing it pretty thoroughly, wrapped myself up in it, and sought repose on an oil-cloth in front of the wash-stand.

Ere the rising of the sun we had paid our bill and were settled in the genuine "first-class" hotel in passably comfortable apartments. I was on the point of issuing a circular offering a reward for the apprehension of the youthful driver of that omnibus, who had confined us to that terrible "corn-husk" domicile, but my star feared it would injure business, and I was compelled to succumb to his opinion.

Barron opened the following night in Othello, and such performances are seldom seen, though often written about. Cassio said it was "a more excellent song than *Ecker* song was." Brabantio was made up for a cross between the Mock Duke and Buffalo Bill. We had an Irish Iago. There were forty-seven dollars in the house; and, as my star was sharing after expenses, that settled it. The only thing to look forward to was Friday, when my star was to receive one-half the entire receipts. So I immediately put my agent-ing ability to the test, and began to work up one of those usual "grand complimentaries." I insisted on Barron playing Badger in "The Streets of *Bloomington*." As he had never before essayed the part, and the business not being particularly encouraging, he was loth to study it; but after considerable persuasion he finally consented. The entire press of the city began announcing the fact in articles that were simply perfection, written in a cordial and elegant manner (by myself), and referring to his different successful portrayals of such characters in Europe, Asia, Australia and Indiana.

The remainder of the week was filled in with the (ill) legitimate, for it was the unhealthiest attempt at, and the most successful assassination of, Shakespeare I had ever witnessed. "Hamlet" was announced for Thursday, and the company, being rather short, I consented to help them out, and appear as the Gravedigger. I was once again to act, and in this instance I felt assured I would light up better than I had on my previous efforts before the footlights. When the curtain went up upon the fifth act, I walked upon that stage with a confidence that was truly startling. I felt myself the superior of all the royal family, except Hamlet, though I was only a gravedigger. But what a melancholy performance it must have been. I attributed it, of course, to the old, threadbare excuse—"poor house, dull audience." At last the Second Gravedigger left me alone to my misery, and, jumping into the trap (which was held up from under the stage by the proprietor of the hall and one carpenter), I proceeded to dig up Yorick's remains, and resolved to "bag a laugh" from the star, if not from the audience.

I immediately began that little gem of music:

"In youth, when I did love, did love—
Methought it were meet—oh—
To contract—oh, the time for—ah—
That nothing could be a sweet—oh!"

On came the melancholy Dane, and as he entered I deposited a shovelful of dirt on the proprietor of the hall, who was struggling hard to uphold his end of the trap. I tipped a wink to the noble Prince of Denmark, and he, taking in the situation at a glance, and seeing that I was enjoying myself more than my auditors had my comedy, and fearing that I might trip up the dignity of "Denmark's Dane," deliberately turned his back upon me during all our dialogue, which I continued to intersperse with an occasional shovelful of dirt upon the aforesaid hall-proprietor, whose curses could be distinctly heard from poor Yorick's former resting-place, intermingled with threats to drop the bottom out of the grave. When we were about reaching the climax of the scene, and I had patted the papier-mache skull of Yorick, and had done all kinds of funny (to myself) business, and thrown the remaining bones under the trap and upon my support, I proceeded to hand over the skull to Hamlet, whereat our dialogue closed as follows:

GRAVEDIGGER.—Whose skull, think you, it was?

HAMLET.—Nay, I know not!

GRAVEDIGGER.—A pestilence on him for a mad wag! He poured a flagon of Rhenish o'er my head once. This skull, sir, was (I paused; he turned to receive the skull; I continued)—this skull, sir, was "Ellen Decker's!"

There was no soliloquy. Hamlet disappeared. The funeral of Ophelia was indefinitely postponed, and the scene closed in. I feeling perfectly satisfied that if my audience had failed to appreciate my comedy, the Hamlet would never thereafter forget it.

The next evening the "grand complimentary" took place. A good house was the consequence, and, by playing an abridged edition of "The Streets of New York" (Bloomington) we managed to get through in time to catch the Eastward-bound train.

So endeth the first chapter of "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT AGENT-ING."

## CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

### A MINISTER'S VIEWS
### On Marriage and Divorce.

Last evening, in Union Hall, the Rev. I. S. Kalloch discoursed on the "Marriage Relation" to a large number of interested hearers. He chose his text from the 1st chapter of Genesis, 27th verse, and 10th chapter of St. Matthew. The lecture was interspersed with many happy illustrations of domestic felicity, and the infelicities of married life received due consideration. A speaker, said the reverend gentleman, and especially a preacher, is conscious of a difficulty on the very threshold of such a discourse as is proposed for this evening. The difficulty is to treat the subject as solemnly as its importance requires. When a man announces that he has anything to say about love or marriage, everybody thinks he has got to say something very funny. A marriage is looked upon as a joyful event, but many a poor fellow thinks he had better be laughing about his funeral than his wedding. Matches, no doubt, are made in Heaven, but they get terribly mixed up in coming down. Disappointments, cares, incompatibilities of temperament, etc., are so numerous in married life, that we might as well admit the fact at the outset and inquire into the cause and see what we are going to do about it. These evils are not confined to any condition in life. The histories and lives of eminent authors and distinguished men in this respect prove this fact, and Whitman has felicitously proved them to the world. Bishop Cooper was married to a vixen, whose temper was as explosive as giant powder. Many of those great men died from one of those maladies common in the Dark Ages, but not to be found in these enlightened days—a broken heart. In the cells of our prisons are found, by the score, desperate men, who have been rendered dissolute by being married to worthless women. No true picture of the miseries of an unhappy home can be drawn by human pencil dark enough. Unkindness has begotten unkindness, coldness has produced coldness, and accusation has been answered by accusation until love is dead, and when love dies out, but little there is in this world to live for. How many are homeless outcasts; how many are wandering to-night, their hand against every man and every man's hand against them, whom a loving word or simple act of kindness might have saved? And many have gone to their long resting-place, driven to fill suicides' graves, by the heartless conduct of women they most loved. The other side of the picture is almost fully as bad. Women are not always to blame. Look at the worn, haggard, hopeless women with heavy eyes and sunken cheeks. Do you suppose, my hearers, that it is in the power of painter's brush to color, or poet's pencil to describe, that unspeakable hole of horror, called in bitter irony a "drunkard's home?"

* * * What is the reason of these unhappy homes? The reason is a radical one. We must go as far back as my first text and as far down as my second to find it—the old, original instrument, "woman." By changing woman, though, I may get into trouble, as it is an old adage that it "takes two to make a quarrel." In olden times man and wife were considered "not twain, but one." In the present age, however, woman desires the relation to be considered "not one, but two." A man once wrote a note to another requesting the loan of his newspaper, but spelled the word "noosepaper." The brute sent him his marriage certificate. I have another illustration which will not be out of place, for I would a good deal rather see a congregation laugh than go to sleep. A Dutchman and his wife once had a falling-out and didn't speak to each other for three weeks. At the expiration of that time, when seated before the fire, on either side of which reposed a cat and a dog, Katrina said: "Hans!" "What?" "Well, I was thinking." "Well, what was you thinking?" "I was thinking the next time we had that we couldn't get along together. Just see that cat and dog; they get along together without any fighting." "Well, just tie them together and see how they would agree." Thus it is with the human family. This increasing dissatisfaction on the part of woman I claim to be in a great measure due to the heresies that have been proclaimed. I have no time to-night to discuss the question of the equality of the sexes; I don't think there is any question to be discussed. Woman, as woman, is to be made perfectly independant and self-supporting before she can be recognized as the equal of man, and this cannot be. To be sure, a few exceptions can be found in history, such as Joan of Arc. But all women cannot be warriors. Some women are self-supporting, and necessarily must be. The direct effect of this discussion has been to make woman dissatisfied. A woman's sphere is home. * * * I am not favorable to long courtships. We are told that Jacob's engagement to Rachel lasted fourteen years, but before those fourteen years had transpired I have no doubt that Rachel was waning into confirmed old maidenship while Jacob was carving her. * * * There was not a divorce in the Roman republic for hundreds of years. While this state of affairs existed, the State remained as if built on a rock, which it was; but when the marriage relation lost all its sanctity in the eyes of the people, the republic crumbled. The power and permanency of a republic is in the homes of its people. —*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Alta*, Dec. 20.

### LOVE AND JUSTICE AMONG THE HOOSIERS.

Near the little town of Pittsboro, in Hendricks County, resided the Worrells and Phillips. They were humble tillers of the soil. William A. Worrell and Amanda B. Phillips met in the usual way, with the usual results. They were smitten and exchanged vows of everlasting affection, and resolved to wed. But they had counted without their host, as it were. Mrs. Phillips developed a decided aversion to young Worrell as a son-in-law, and forbade that he should see her daughter any more. As love laughs at locksmiths, so William cachinnated at the anathemas of the maternal ancestor of his affectionate Amanda. William made bold to storm the fort, so to speak. His appearance on the premises announced that he would wed the maiden of his choice at a certain time, and affirmed that he would see her at once. Mrs. Phillips ordered him away, but, as he persisted in effecting an entrance, the big brother of the girl appeared on the scene, and sat upon the expectant bridegroom, and rent his raiment and tore his hair, maxing out a clear case of assault and battery, and all that sort of thing. When William had recovered his equilibrium, he appealed to the law for redress, and to the village merchant for re-dress in the line of store-clothes. He made a affidavit that he had been assaulted and battered, his lawyer counseling him that he could get the girl to attend court as a witness, and then consummate their cherished hopes of matrimony. To insure the accomplishment of this object, William had taken the precaution to procure a license in advance. This betrayed him. The smart lawyer for the defense got on the scent, and advised his client to plead guilty, which he did. Then Worrell made another affidavit to the effect that he feared bodily violence, and he prayed the Court to have young Phillips brought before him and bound over to keep the peace, appealing to a Danville Justice. This was another shrewd scheme to get the pretty bone of contention into court with matrimonial intent; but up to date the programme has not been carried out as contemplated. When the case was called at Danville, the girl was not present as a witness in response to the summons which had been sent for her attendance. An attachment was issued for her, which was fully as strong as the attachment of the prosecuting witness for the fair Amanda aforesaid. In the meantime the defendant prayed for a change of venue, which was granted, and the case was remanded to the Pittsburg Justice for adjudication. The result so far reached is the conclusion, on the part of Worrell, that true love does not run smoothly. It remains to be determined whether the Justice or the person gets in his work first. Meantime, Mr. Worrell can congratulate himself that he will not be troubled with a mother-in-law.—*Indianapolis* (Ind.) *Sentinel*.

### A VILLAIN'S WRONGDOINGS.

Last Sunday's *Atlanta* (Ga.) *Herald* gives some particulars of the villanies of a man named Wharton, alias Jackson, who claims to have formerly lived in Louisville, where, it is stated, he gained the confidence of a young girl, whom he persuaded to elope with him. From this city they went to Chicago, he promising to marry the confiding girl who had left home and friends for his sake. The father of the girl, it is said, went to Chicago, where he found the pair, and also learned that his daughter was not legally married to the villain, who, hearing that steps were being taken to arrest him, wisely made his escape. Mr. Wharton next made his appearance at Atlanta, where he gave his name as Jackson. He had other reasons, it seems, for leaving Chicago, besides his fear of the wrath of the injured father of the Louisville girl. There had been in Chicago a big robbery with which his name was not wholly disconnected. He had also set up as a doctor, and made a specialty of female diseases, in the practice of which he had made no enviable reputation. In addition to the iniquities of which he was said to be guilty, he had seduced a Chicago banker's daughter, and had her residing in a tenement-house in that city, while her parents thought she had run away and was gone from them forever. The father of the first girl carried this girl to her father's home, who refused to receive her. Wharton had run away, as stated, at the approach of danger, and the poor girl followed him to Atlanta. Mr. Jackson met with his usual success in Atlanta, and soon made the acquaintance of a dashing widow. The course of their true love glided uninterruptedly along until the banker's daughter arrived from Chicago. She heard of his engagement with the widow, and, burning for revenge, pursued the villain with unrelenting zeal. She sought the widow lady and told the story of her lover's wicked life. For this she received no thanks, but was ordered from the house. The poor girl was undaunted, and determined to pursue the scoundrel to the bitter end. With this view she sought the son of the widow. Finding him, she told the story of the man's villanies, and, among other new things, how he had fled from Germany for a crime committed there. She gained a victory. The son sought the guilty wretch, and, putting a pistol in his face, ordered him to leave Atlanta at once or he would kill him. Jackson attempted to make resistance, when the outraged young man sprang upon him and beat him severely. Mr. Wharton Jackson, etc., left Atlanta by the first train, and will perhaps not soon return. He will scarcely dare to come in the direction of Louisville, where there is doubtless someone waiting who would make it sultry for him here. He will, perhaps, pass the Winter months in a more Southern clime, and practice his hellish arts anew under another name among the unsuspecting, too confiding daughters of the South.—*Louisville* (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, Dec. 21.

### A SINGULAR DIVORCE CASE.

A singular divorce suit has just been tried in the Equity Term of the Supreme Court, before Judge Dwight, at Rochester. The plaintiff was Mrs. Mary Verian; the defendant, Richard Verian. In brief, the facts of the case are: The plaintiff in 1844 was married to Richard Henry Townsend. They lived together, says *The Rochester Union*, till 1854, when he suddenly disappeared, leaving her and three daughters without any means of support. After a lapse of eight years, during which time no word had been heard from the departed Richard, Mary married Richard Verian. The two lived together in harmony for two or three years, when the missing former husband turned up again, and, after an interview between the parties, quietly agreed not to disturb their felicity, and moved to Kalamazoo, Mich., where he died in 1868. After his departure, however, the Verians did not live happily together, Mary claiming that Verian was in the habit of getting drunk, swearing, refusing to contribute anything toward her support, and making himself in unpleasant times of the home generally. At first she charged him $3 a week for his board and lodging; but becoming tired, as she testified, of lodging, boarding, washing his clothes, and performing other duties for him for $3 a week, she raised the price to $4. This did not affect Richard a great deal, as he was not a very prompt-paying boarder, and at last, becoming wholly tired of him, in 1873 she turned him out of the house, since which time the parties have not lived together. After this rejection, Richard began to get angry, and brought an action against his wife for divorce, on the ground that, in consequence of the former husband being alive at the time of their marriage, it was void. The answer set up by Mrs. Verian to this complaint was to the effect that even after he was aware that Townsend was alive, and also after his death at Kalamazoo, the parties continued to live together as man and wife, and consequently the marriage was ratified. The Court decided that the marriage act was ratified by the subsequent cohabitation of the parties, and dismissed the complaint with costs. Another suit was then commenced by Richard Verian against his wife for possession of a half-interest in a certain piece of property, which he claims he bought in their joint names. This the defendant denies, and claims that she bought it with money earned by herself, and is consequently entitled to the whole of it. This case was likewise dismissed by the Court with costs.

## BASEBALL.

### THE CENTENNIAL RULES.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

The experience of the past season's play has plainly shown the importance of skillful base-running as an essential of success—as much so, perhaps, as that of any other of the departments of the game. The advantage derivable from a good hit may be sacrificed by a want of judgment in running the bases. It is, therefore, quite important that the base-runner should have as few obstacles placed in his way as possible, and this result can only be arrived at by having clearly defined rules. The base-runner should be fully familiar with every point of play in base-running, to begin with; and, in order that he may have been rendered dissolute by being married to worthless women. No true picture of the miseries of an unhappy home can be drawn by human pencil dark enough. Unkindness has begotten unkindness, coldness has produced coldness, and accusation has been answered by accusation until love is dead, and when love dies out, but little there is in this world to live for. How many are homeless outcasts; how many are wandering to-night, their hand against every man and every man's hand against them, whom a loving word or simple act of kindness might have saved? And many have gone to their long resting-place, driven to fill suicides' graves, by the heartless conduct of women they most loved. The other side of the picture is almost fully as bad. Women are not always to blame. Look at the worn, haggard, hopeless women with heavy eyes and sunken cheeks. Do you suppose, my hearers, that it is in the power of painter's brush to color, or poet's pencil to describe, that unspeakable hole of horror, called in bitter irony a "drunkard's home?"

* * * What is the reason of these unhappy homes? The reason is a radical one. We must go as far back as my first text and as far down as my second to find it—the old, original instrument, "woman." By changing woman, though, I may get into trouble, as it is an old adage that it "takes two to make a quarrel." In olden times man and wife were considered "not twain, but one." In the present age, however, woman desires the relation to be considered "not one, but two." A man once wrote a note to another requesting the loan of his newspaper, but spelled the word "noosepaper." The brute sent him his marriage certificate. I have another illustration which will not be out of place, for I would a good deal rather see a congregation laugh than go to sleep. A Dutchman and his wife once had a falling-out and didn't speak to each other for three weeks. At the expiration of that time, when seated before the fire, on either side of which reposed a cat and a dog, Katrina said: "Hans!" "What?" "Well, I was thinking." "Well, what was you thinking?" "I was thinking the next time we had that we couldn't get along together. Just see that cat and dog; they get along together without any fighting." "Well, just tie them together and see how they would agree." Thus it is with the human family. This increasing dissatisfaction on the part of woman I claim to be in a great measure due to the heresies that have been proclaimed. I have no time to-night to discuss the question of the equality of the sexes; I don't think there is any question to be discussed. Woman, as woman, is to be made perfectly independant and self-supporting before she can be recognized as the equal of man, and this cannot be. To be sure, a few exceptions can be found in history, such as Joan of Arc. But all women cannot be warriors. Some women are self-supporting, and necessarily must be. The direct effect of this discussion has been to make woman dissatisfied. A woman's sphere is home. * * * I am not favorable to long courtships. We are told that Jacob's engagement to Rachel lasted fourteen years, but before those fourteen years had transpired I have no doubt that Rachel was waning into confirmed old maidenship while Jacob was carving her. * * * There was not a divorce in the Roman republic for hundreds of years. While this state of affairs existed, the State remained as if built on a rock, which it was; but when the marriage relation lost all its sanctity in the eyes of the people, the republic crumbled. The power and permanency of a republic is in the homes of its people. —*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Alta*, Dec. 20.

### LOVE AND JUSTICE AMONG THE HOOSIERS.

Near the little town of Pittsboro, in Hendricks County, resided the Worrells and Phillips. They were humble tillers of the soil. William A. Worrell and Amanda B. Phillips met in the usual way, with the usual results. They were smitten and exchanged vows of everlasting affection, and resolved to wed. But they had counted without their host, as it were. Mrs. Phillips developed a decided aversion to young Worrell as a son-in-law, and forbade that he should see her daughter any more. As love laughs at locksmiths, so William cachinnated at the anathemas of the maternal ancestor of his affectionate Amanda. William made bold to storm the fort, so to speak. His appearance on the premises announced that he would wed the maiden of his choice at a certain time, and affirmed that he would see her at once. Mrs. Phillips ordered him away, but, as he persisted in effecting an entrance, the big brother of the girl appeared on the scene, and sat upon the expectant bridegroom, and rent his raiment and tore his hair, maxing out a clear case of assault and battery, and all that sort of thing. When William had recovered his equilibrium, he appealed to the law for redress, and to the village merchant for re-dress in the line of store-clothes. He made a affidavit that he had been assaulted and battered, his lawyer counseling him that he could get the girl to attend court as a witness, and then consummate their cherished hopes of matrimony. To insure the accomplishment of this object, William had taken the precaution to procure a license in advance. This betrayed him. The smart lawyer for the defense got on the scent, and advised his client to plead guilty, which he did. Then Worrell made another affidavit to the effect that he feared bodily violence, and he prayed the Court to have young Phillips brought before him and bound over to keep the peace, appealing to a Danville Justice. This was another shrewd scheme to get the pretty bone of contention into court with matrimonial intent; but up to date the programme has not been carried out as contemplated. When the case was called at Danville, the girl was not present as a witness in response to the summons which had been sent for her attendance. An attachment was issued for her, which was fully as strong as the attachment of the prosecuting witness for the fair Amanda aforesaid. In the meantime the defendant prayed for a change of venue, which was granted, and the case was remanded to the Pittsburg Justice for adjudication. The result so far reached is the conclusion, on the part of Worrell, that true love does not run smoothly. It remains to be determined whether the Justice or the person gets in his work first. Meantime, Mr. Worrell can congratulate himself that he will not be troubled with a mother-in-law.—*Indianapolis* (Ind.) *Sentinel*.

## CLIPPER VARIETIES.

### Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

### CORT-HOUSE DECIZIONS.
BY ONEY PARLE.

JUDGE.—Call de vitness.

VITNESS.—Vell?

JUDGE.—Shlems! Whoose your name—whoose your pizness—how do you reside, hay? Gvick—say me gvick!

VITNESS.—I vas Shoney Heindrickstuffen. I liff in town. I could proove me dot, so help me dhygoods.

JUDGE.—No drifting mit de gort-house. Shoney, vat vas you here for? Hold up your right-hand finger und took a peach. Call me a vitness.

VITNESS.—So help me, I know dot cases.

JUDGE.—Vell, speak me ond vat is it. Do you know de vitness yoost soomer as you?

VITNESS.—I know him like a brudder. His mooder und mine to varsd de same close before she diet.

JUDGE.—Look me ond, dritter!

VITNESS.—No choking, Shudge—he's my ruder.

JUDGE.—O most foul berjurer! Look me up through de skylight, und see de little angels turning red on de wings. Vy, his name is Heindrickstuffen, und yours is simbly Heindrick.

VITNESS.—Vell, you see, Shudge, yen I got me to the vas off reasons—ven a fallow dond care noding for no one—I vent me to de Capitol among der legislators.

JUDGE.—Ah, you keep pad company, do you? Hold him, Sheriff!

VITNESS.—Vell, Shudge, you see I didn't like me dot name; so I got me a bettion up, "*used had de stuffen knocked out off my name.*" (A faint smile from the left-hand side of the court-house.)

JUDGE.—Dot's puty goot. Vel, Heindrick, tole me vat you know spout dot cases. Aint you de plainthief?

VITNESS.—Yes, sir; you see, I vas stood on de corner, und I vas telling a frient sometings, van a man come right up und said. "Oh, you lamp old fool, vat do you know spout hit?"

JUDGE.—Vel, I look me hover de pook, und dere's no law for sooch a cases. You petter took a peach.

VITNESS.—Vy, you tamt old fool, vot do you know spout it? (Continued smiling from the left-hand side of the court-house.)

JUDGE.—Dot vas no cases, und de jury vill bay de costs, vile de gort vas go mit dose lunch route, und de vitness vill sing spout dot

### SIMBSON ON DER POWERY.
DEDICATED TO FRANK H. WILLS, DUTCH COMEDIAN.

A soltier fon der "Lunch Frigate" vos sidding down von tay,
By Scharley Vollmer's beer-saloon on Houdson, near Frankfray;
Bud a gomrate adood peside him, und vibed avay a tear,
Vhen he sawn der beobies von py von gome in und god cheer.

Der soltier shumbbed him from his sead, und to der gompanate vend
Und said: "Olt bard, gife me your hand, I've got me sixty cent;
Und here's a 'yellow dicked,' yousd dake id for a dowery—
I hed got der sboon mid Simbson—mid Simbson on der Powery.

"Uf you meed my brudders on der sdreed, und dhey shouldt gadder round
Und ask you uf you've seen me, Jake, 'say dot I can'd be found;
Don'd dell dhem dot you ledi me here vhen you vend down der sdreed,
Or dhey vill all come rounds dis vay, und I vill hafe to dread;
Dell dhem vhen you saw me lasd (boud sixdeen years or more),
I had no schooes, my coad vos rags, und all my bands vos dore—
Dot I vos mid an under man, you dink his name vos Lowery,
And I liffd der sboon at Simbson's—at Simbson's on der Powery.

"Dell my mudder did she miss me der onder afdernoon,
Und uf der dears fell down her gheeks vhen she didn't vind me soon,
Und uf der man vot own der house vos bin to got der rend,
I vent und send der money to her, but I don'd hate got a cend.
Say I recommemper, vhen a liddle poy, she'd say
'Always safe your money up undil some rainy tay.'
Der afdernoon I left me vas avful vet und blue shvery,
Und I left der sboon mid Simbson, mid Simbson on der Powery."

His voice grew chick, he sdraighdened ub, und den dond'd say some more;
Und den he leaned him vy der bar, und slibbed down on der floor;
His gomrade dried to lift him ub, he vos heavy ige a Der soltier fon der Lunch Frigate, on Houdson sdreed vos drunk!
Dhen Scharley gwick der bar come ond, und dook him by der sead
Of der bandaloons, und pack of negk, und valised him in der sdreed.
Und dhen he dold to him some vords, dot don'd vos very flowery—
Bud der soltier youed said, "Simbson, Simbson on der Powery."

*Number* 148 *Magtoupal Sdreed, New Yorgh.*

### THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Wm. S. Cooper of Brooklyn, E. D., contributes a bill of performances during which President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, who was killed by one of the soldiers sent to capture him April 26, 1865. President Lincoln died from the effects of the wound he received on Saturday morning, April 15, at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock. The theatre in which the performance took place was soon after converted into a museum by the United States Government, and therein are now stored many of the archives of the Southern Confederacy. Miss Laura Keene died in Montclair, N. J., Nov. 4, 1873; John Dyott is still living in retirement in or near New Rochelle, N. Y.; Harry Hawk is still before the public; T. C. Gourlay is dead; E. A. Emerson, we believe, is living in retirement; Asa Trenchard and W. J. Ferguson still follow their profession; G. G. Spear is living in retirement in Boston, Mass.; J. H. Evans died in Pithole, Pa., Dec. 6, 1865; J. L. De Bonsy is yet before the public; Miss Jennie Gourlay (Mrs. Robert Struthers) is at present a member of the Grand Opera Company, in Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. Muzzy died in Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1870; Miss Maggie Gourlay (Mrs. W. D. Shields) died in Lumberland, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1868.

FORD'S THEATRE,
Tenth Street, above E.
Season II.....Week XXXV.....Night 191
Whole number of nights, 495.
John T. Ford.....Sole Proprietor and Manager
Also of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Philadelphia.
Stage-manager.....J. B. Wright | Treasurer.....H. C. Ford

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, 1865.

This evening the performance will be honored by the presence of PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
BENEFIT AND LAST NIGHT OF MISS LAURA KEENE,
the distinguished manageress, authoress and actress, supported by
MR. JOHN DYOTT AND MR. HARRY HAWK.
Tom Taylor's celebrated eccentric comedy, as originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her upwards of ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Florence Trenchard | John Wicker.J. L. DeBonsy |
| Miss Laura Keene | Rasper.....J. Dyott |
| Abel Murcott.....John Dyott | Ballits.....{ G. A. Parkhurst / I. Johnston |
| Asa Trenchard..T. C. Gourlay | |
| Lord Dundreary, | |
| E. A. Emerson | Miss J. Gourlay |
| Mr. Coyle.....J. Matthews | Mrs. Mountchessington, |
| Lieut. Vernon, R. N., | Mrs. H. Muzzy |
| W. J. Ferguson | Augusta.....Miss H. Trueman |
| Capt. De Boots.....H. Wallick | Georgina.....Miss M. Hart |
| Binney.....G. G. Spear | Sharpe.....Mrs. J. H. Evans |
| Buddicomb.....J. H. Evans | Skillet.....Miss M. Gourlay |

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15,
BENEFIT OF MISS JENNIE GOURLAY,
when will be presented Boucicault's great sensational drama of
THE OCTOROON,
OR
EASTER MONDAY AT JACKSON.
engagement of the young American tragedian
EDWIN ADAMS,
for twelve nights only.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Orchestra, $1; dress circle and parquet, 75c.; family circle, 25c.; private boxes, $6 and $10.
J. E. FORD, Business-manager.

### PAT CLANCY'S NEW-YEAR'S GUESTS.
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HARRIGAN AND HART.
BY HARRY BENNETT.

They came in from every direction,
And they hung up their hats in the hall;
It seemed like a county election,
For a Dutch larger-company's ball.
"Pat Maloney" came first with his family,
And "The Skidmores" marched in a platoon;
"McSwiggen" from Hayes' drank up the whiskey,
With the great politician "Muldoon."

"The Donovans" sat at the table,
"Mrs. Hennessey" gave them her card,
And "Mahone, at the Back of the Bar,"
Served out drinks to the "Mulligan Guard."
Then someone called for a ditty,
Which was sung by "Muldoon's Brother Pat;"
The words of the song were "Tattoo,"
'Twas about "McNamara's Ould Hat."

Sweet "Hildebrandt Montrose" came in late,
With "The Man with the Terrible G

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

**Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.**

## THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Hours.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 3.

### LADIES' LIST.

Antonino, Mad. E.
Aiken, Blanche
Arlington, May
Bretto, Emma
Bartlett, Belle
Barnard, Minnie
Barnes, Catharine (of Bl'k Cr'k Co.)
Booth, Josie (2)
Beverly, Mrs. Maude de
Bloom's Chicago Co., Dora
Cook, Mrs. Adelaide
Crayton, Gussie
Conway, Lizzie
Clifton, Mrs. Minnie F. R.
Dawson, Mrs. Addie
De Forest, Zoe
De Vere, Emma
Davis, Ella (local ist)
De Yon, Adele 3c.
Deimay, Lu-lu
Durand, Kittie
Dark, Lizzie
Eagan, Jennie
Ege, Jennie
Ellis, Hattie
Francis, Leonia (variety "biz")
Fisher, Mrs. Kate
Frayne, Mrs. Frank
Florence, Reena
Forrester, Nellie
Herrmann, Mrs. A.
Goroux, Mad. Adelia
Kirby, Rose
Kelly, Francis
Langdon, Mr. (late of Baltimore)
Leland, Miss
Leslie, The (gymnasts)
Lavoux, Alphonso
Laiscell, Victor
Lewis, Mrs. Frank
Levitt, Harry
Lenton, Herbert
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee) (2)
Lucy, Harry
Lavake, W. K. (2)
Loomis, H. (of Kendall's Co.)
Lindley, H. (of Holman's Co.)
Lane's Dramatic Co. 3c.
Lytell, W. (comed.)
Lewis, Jno.
Lane & Weaver Lisle, Chas.
Lappen, Fred. C.
Melville, Frank (equestrian)
Morrison, Lew (2)
Montford, Frank
Murrey, Jas. (pianist)
Mack, Jos. H.
Moulton, Frank
Masaroo, Theo. (gymnast)
Merrins, Geo.
McCutcheon, C. H.
Maas, Chas.
Morosco, Walter
Murray, J. H. (2)
Mathews, Chris.
Maryon, Theophilus (2)
Mantz, J. (of Beedle's Co.)
Maynard, Harold
McFadden, Jas. (roller skater)
Miller, A. D.
Miller, Kate
Miller Family, The
McGill, W. (of McGill & Strong)
Marr, Wm.
Millar, A. H.
Morton, Geo.
McKay, Andy 6c.
Matthews, C. C.
McCarthy, Harry
Myers, Oliver W.
Pike, Dollie
Pauline, La (of Howe's Cir.)
Phillips, Adelaide
Robinson, Julia
Russell, Hattie
Ross, Ida
Rainforth, Minnie
Ray, Maggie & Wm.
Sanyask, Lo-lo
Stanley, Mande
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Siddons, Mrs. Scott-Stemple, Lizzie
Sloan, Emma
Sylvester, Louise
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Stickney, Virginia
Thayer, Mrs. Kate R. (2)
Thomas, Rosina
Turnour, Mrs. H. (3)
Wilkinson, Lillie
Wade, Mrs. Louie R.
Wilson, Mollie
Woods, Carrie (of Wood Sist.)
Wren, Martha 3c.
Washburn, Emma
Westfall, Mrs. Fannie
Wentworth, Lu-lu
Weston Sisters
Wynekoop, Mamie
Woods, Mrs. Addie (of Wood's Sist.)
Young, Mrs. Chas. 12c.
Zoerner, Anna (2)

### GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aubrey, Robt.
Appleby, Louis
Ala, Mr. (gymnast) (2)
Adams, Thos. (minst. "biz")
Ainsley, Ned and Willie
Andrews, Chas.
Armar, W. B.
Allyne, W. J.
Arendt, Chas.
Aubrey, Robt.
Biddie, L. L.
Bates, E. A.
Bent, Wm. Horace
Blind Tom's Manager, Jno.
Bach, J. S.
Barry, G. (of Howe's Cir.
Blanchard, H. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Belmont, Francis
Borynioln, J. F.
Beatty, R.
Burt, W. H.
Busher, Hiram
Brown, J. (p. o. m. York, Eng.)
Barnholt, Jno.
Bloodgood, Harry
Bates, Harry
Barnett, Louis (of Cole's Cir.)
British Quartette
Bailey, Mr. (circus "biz")
Mott, C. F.
Brown, Chas. (of J. A. Stevens Co.)
Barnum, Jas. (of Howe's Cir.) (2)
Buckley, Murdock
Basye, E. E.
Bergen, A.
Burgess, "Cool"
Bailey, G. F.
Barry, J. (of Goldie & Barry)
Browne, J. H. (prompter)
Blake & Edwards
Boyed, Tony
Bach, J. B.
Bailey, Col. Fred.
Bingham, The Barr, Geo. (musician)
Blake, A. B. 6c.
Braham, H. N. (comedian)
Castello, G. (of Howe's Cir.)
Crager, Geo.
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Cotton, E. M.
Chaffee, Mr. (rope artist)
Carr, T. H.
Collins, Frank
Cole, W. W. (2)
Cohan, J. (Irish Comedian)
Covelli, Chas. J.
Clarke, "Kit" (2)
Coney, Geo. W.
Campbell, Chas. (of Camden, N. J.
Cameron, A. (of Howe's Cir.)
Cullen, A. (of Howe's Cir.)
Clifford, Eldon
Clark, Geo. M. 3c.
Coupe, W. C.
Clarke, H. G.
Cates, Ed.
Coupe, Wm. (manager)
Chalifour, Fred.
Cassim, Mr. (acrobat)
Clary, Brooks
Danforth, Geo. N.
Dickeson, Mr. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
De Lacour, Leon
Doyle, J. E. (2)
Dunbar, E. G. (2)
Dobson, E. C.
Dodge, Benj. S.
De Mott, Eugene J.
Drew, Jno. E.
Dunham, Frank (2)
Dibolo, —(fire-king) (2)
Davis, W. H.
Davis, Jr., J. (of Davis Family)
D'Omers, The
Dacre, Fred (song-and-dance)
Dunbar, E. C. (2)
De Judge, Fred
Dunn, Chas. H.
Davis, R. H.
Elkin, Max. E.
Eckert, Prof. Jno.
Elliot, Emile
Emidy, J. A.
Eastman, Jas.
Eleaore, O. "Yankee"
Emmerson, Jas.
Farmer, Jno. (2)
Frost, Hyatt
Frayne, R. E.
Foster, J. (late of Adelphi, Chicago)
Frayne, J. Frank
Franks, Tony (with Forepaugh) 6c.
Fish, Chas. (equestrian)
Fuller, J. B.
Fish, J. Spencer (2)
Fitz, J. D. (2)
Foreaugh, Adam
Fulton, Jno. (not John E. Fulton)
Fish, Chas. E.
Fuller, W. C.
Guy, Geo. (minst. "biz")
Gulick, J. (with Dup. & Bened.)
Goroux, Mons.
Grave, R. (of Levy's Concert Co.)
Grayson, Mark (2)
Good, A. (of Cole's Cir.)
Guy, Geo. R.
Gleason, Chas. P.
Griste, Chas. B.
Gerry, D. S.
Goodall, J. N.
Gregory, C. J. (gymnast)
Hayden, Oliver W.

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Springfield (Ill.) post-office on Jan. 3 for Andrew Glassford; and W. E. Coleman of Harrigan & Hart Co.; Mrs. M. Wallace of the Wallace Sisters; A. W. Martin, agent; L. C. Smith's Dramatic Com. Co.; C. W. Couldock; Heywood Bros. Comb.; Joel Heywood and Mrs. Joe. Stiles, both of Heywood Bros.'s Comb. At Peoria, Ill., post-office, Jan. 3, were held letters awaiting J. H. McCabe; Frank B. Dobson; Mrs. Sarah Uebreih; Neil Bryant of Bryant's Minst.; also one for the manager of the N. O. Minstrels.

Gruntor, "Bones"
Gaylord, Low
Girard, Emile
Gerson, Edmond (2)
Griste, Chas. B.
Howard, C.
Hudson, Harry B.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hart, O. P.
Hilton, Geo. Melville
Hudson, Geo. B.
Hine, Walter
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.) (3)
Harris, Fred. D.
Hamo, Hadj
Hess, Jno. (of Kate Logan's Co.)
Herne, J. A.
Harris, F. J.
Healy, M. C. (late of Baltimore)
Hopkins, J. D.
Hopwood, J. (of N. Y. Serenaders)
Henderson, A. (circus p'op.)
Harkins, W. S.
Henderson, W. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Hill, J. (of Faber Co.)
Hess, C. D.
Holley, Wm. H.
Hall, J. W.
Howard, T. W.
Haverly, J. H.
Hall, Geo. W.
Huthmann, Max.
Hale, Chas.
Hindle, J. H.
Hernandez, Arthur (2)
Hague, Jr., Sam.
Hyner, Chas. E.
Hamilton's Dram. Co., Theo.
Hammond, Geo. H. (3)
Harper, Thos.
Harris, Lew
Hawes, Fred
Heindl, Alex.
Hooley, R. (with Heywood Bros.)
Hamilton's Agent, Theo.
Heywood, Thos.
Holland Bros.
Hennessey Bros.
Henshaw, Jno.
Hill, Jno. F.
Harrison, Jas. (actor)
Hess, C. H.
Howard, C. E.
Howard, Bronson
Irving, W. S.
Irwin, Belden
Jones, T. V. (2)
Joeli, Thos. (2)
Joseph, Saml. H.
Jones, Arnold
Jones, Arnold
Jerome & Cameron
Jackson, Wm. (musician)
Johannes, Count
Johnson, Arthur
Jennings, A. J.
Keating, P. H.
Kemble, Chas. W.
Kimball, Fred. E.
Kelly, Bros. 3c. (deformed)
Kirsly Bros. 3c.
Knight, F. W.
Keen, Jule
Kelly, Francis
Landon, Mr. (late of Baltimore)
Leland, Miss
Leslie, The (gymnasts)
La Fond, —(minst. "biz")
Levy, J. (musician)
Levy, Mark A.
Leppert, H. C.
Levitt's Bellringers
Laroux, Alphonso
Laiscell, Victor
Lewis, Frank 5c.
Levitt, Harry
Lenton, Herbert 5c.
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee) (2)
Lucy, Harry
Lavake, W. K. (2)
Loomis, H. (of Kendall's Co.)
Lindley, H. (of Holman's Co.)
Lane's Dramatic Co. 3c.
Lytell, W. (comed.)
Lewis, Jno.
Lane & Weaver
Lisle, Chas.
Lappen, Fred. C.
Melville, Frank (equestrian)
Morrison, Lew (2)
Montford, Frank
Murrey, Jas. (pianist)
Mack, Jos. H.
Moulton, Frank
Masaroo, Theo. (gymnast)
Merrins, Geo.
McCutcheon, C. H.
Maas, Chas.
Morosco, Walter
Murray, J. H. (2)
Mathews, Chris.
Maryon, Theophilus (2)
Mantz, J. (of Beedle's Co.)
Maynard, Harold
McFadden, Jas. (roller skater)
Miller, A. D.
Miller, Kate
Miller Family, The
McGill, W. (of McGill & Strong)
Marr, Wm.
Millar, A. H.
Morton, Geo.
McKay, Andy 6c.
Matthews, C. C.
McCarthy, Harry
Myers, Oliver W.
Mason, "Ned"
Maynard, Frank
McDonough, J. R.
McWade, Robt.
McIntyre, Thos.
Morosco Family, The
Magee, Jno.
Morosco, Chas.
Murphy, Jno. C.
Montague, Harry
Murdy, Saml.
Marsden, Ed. (musician)
Macklay, Fred. 3c.
Nagle, Rich'd
Nash, Dani.
Nash, Jno. Jolly
Nash, Jno. (of London, Eng.)
Norton, Jno. S.
Omohondro, J. B.
Ogden, A. (of N. Y. & St. Circus)
Ogden, W. B. (of N. Y. Serenaders)
O'Brien, Jno. (circus prop.)
O'Reardon, Prof.
Orrin, Geo. W.
O'Brien, M. (songand-dance)
Pringle, Geo.
Pennoyer, A. S. 3c.
Powers, Lawrence E.
Parker, Louis
Parks, Jno. (of London Cir.)
Porter, E. G.
Pedanto, Thos.
Peters, Gus
Pullman Bros.
Queen, Montgomery (2)
Raynor Bros.
Ryner, Jas.
Runnells, Fred.
Robinson, C. M.
Ryse, Eli
Robinson, Wm. (lead. of orch.) 2lc.
Ray, Wm.
Ross, Willis
Raynor, W. G.
Ritter, Paul
Rudolf, J.
Robbins, Burr
Rose, Millard F.
Riley, Fred
Robinson, Wm.
Ranous, Wm. V.
Robinson, Wood S.
Rowe, Fawcett
Sheppard, Harry
Showers, Andy
Simmonds & Wall
Smith, H. T. or E. F.
Spaulding, Dr.
Stanley, E. (of Holman's Co.)
Sheppard & Whitney
Saphore, Jno. L.
Smith, Jno. P.
Saville, H.
Simmons, Elias
Sanders, Jno.
Seymour, H. (p. o. m. Dresden)
Sheridan & Mack
Street, R. O.
Shepsarde, G. Burt.
Schofield, Fred. S. (2)
Stowell, E. H.
Stanwood, H. (with "Wild Bill" Co.)
Schwarz, F. S.
Sullman, D.
Strickland, W. H. (agent)
Sheehan & Jones (2)
Simmonds, S. J. 9c.
Sivalls, Chas.
Sully, W. H.
Smith, Jno. tumbler)
Swain, G. W.
Sheridan & Mack
Tilton, Chas. H.
Thornton, Chas.
Turner, T. 5c.
Toomey, W. F.
Taylor, C. W. (late of Susan Denin Co.)
Thompson, J. (with Ada Gray)
Taney, Jas. W.
Trimble, Harry M.
Tinkham, Ed.
Thorn, Harry
Taylor, Prof. E. C.
Thornton, J. R. (Agent)
Taylor, Jas. (of Abbey & Co.)
United States Circus, Manag. of (12)
Ulmer, Fred.
Varrey, Edwin
Vincent, Chas. A.
Victorelli, Jno.
Vanderfelt, Frank
Volna, Geo. (contortion.) 5c.
Vivalli Warner, G. H.
Victorelli, H. (2)
Ward, W. B. (of Dup. & Ben.) 18c.
Wentworth, E. W. (contortionist)
Wells, Geo. M.
Washburn, S. S. (2)
Winnett, Thos. (2)
White, Hank
Westfall, C. H.
Whitney, F. (magician) 6c.
White, E. J. 3c.
Whitney, Frank (ventriloquist)
Waldron, Jno. (2)
Woodward, Lew
Wiley, Wm.
Wildman, F. J.
Wilson, Casey
Wilson, Luke
Wingfield, Jno.
Warner, C.
Winnetts, The
Williams, Gus.
Wilson, Jno. (equestrian)
Young, Chas. (ventriloquist)

## INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 3, 1876.

Exit the old—enter the new year! Eighteen hundred and seventy-five went out in a thick fog amid the ringing of bells, the screeching of whistles, the tooting of horns, the explosions of cannon, the cracking of pistols, and other demonstrations of an inharmonious but patriotic character. New York's intended specialty for this occasion was "the rhyming and the chiming of the bells" of Grace Church and Trinity, and to those places thousands of our residents and visitors repaired an hour or so before the long strike which tolled the knell of the dying year and ushered in the new-born; but the outrageous sounds of discordant elements killed the merry "tintinnabulations of the bells," and made a burlesque of "Old Hundred" and kindred revelations. "And so the old year died."..... After more than a week of uncomfortable days and nights, of Southerly winds and Easterly rains, and Northerly mists, and Westerly reminders of the beautiful snow, New York woke up on Saturday in a mild temperature, more like that of Spring than of mid-Winter; and, as morning advanced, the drowsy god of day arose after the lark, unveiled its sunny face, and poured a flood of light and joyousness upon the foul-begrimed streets of a great city..... The year past has been a trying one for all business interests, notably so for the amusements, and for managers generally, although some have come out of the ordeal unscathed and with colors nailed to the mast. A few, whose experience should have taught them to let well enough alone in a season of depression, sought to soar aloft on a more extensive scale, and to eclipse and dwarf their fellows; but the result of such wild speculation has been disaster, with ruin staring them in the face. Too late they seek to take in sail—to lop off an executive officer here, a willing hand there, and salaries everywhere. Others, again, seeing the storm approaching, prepared for the blast by making everything snug, by increasing the number of hands and providing a bill of rare attractions that should enforce recognition and support. These wise ones are happy in the exhibit of a balance in their favor, and prospects of continued support, and so the new year lives..... In dramatic, minstrel and variety circles the bill is well filled by managers and their people. From these have given us scores of rare attractions, and the Centennial year opens on a scene of splendor. The Union-square Theatre has settled down, with "Rose Michel," to one of its long runs. Augustin Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre glories in one of the manager's greatest and best productions—"Pique"—interpreted by a cast of most excellent fancy, and clothed in costumes and scenery of the most gorgeous and artistic description. "Pique" has also entered upon a lengthened run, and may be set down as one of the "long strikers" of the season; which demonstrates what can be achieved by perseverance, and energy, and patient toil; furthermore, "Pique" is an American play, by an American author. Managers Jarrett & Palmer, ever industrious, liberal and pushing, have just set "Julius Cæsar" on foot for a long run. Booth's Theatre being nightly filled by enthusiastic audiences. In the cast are mental giants, while in the auxiliary forces we behold physical giants who fill the stage with might and height and immensity. They give support and countenance to Shakespeare, do these giant intellects and giant frames, and thus hold up the legitimate, as it were, in face of illegitimate audiences—for the great bard, as a bard solely, finds but little favor in these days of "progress in the arts and sciences." The Park Theatre, although not enlivened with *crowded* audiences, is pushing its way into favor with its "Crucible" crudities and refinements; and Oakey Hall now that the "first nights" are over, is moving along carefully in the theatrical grooves, improving with each performance, and meeting the requirements of the character assumed. In minstrelsy, the famous trio of elocutionists, vocalists, comicgraphycalists—Messrs. Birch, Wambold and Backus—enter upon the new-year in the full tide of a generous patronage, monarchs of the metropolitan minstrel field; and well satisfied is New York with its representative minstrel troupe. The variety stage was never more acceptably filled—many of the choicest stars in that branch of our amusements are now to be found distributed among our variety houses, whose managers vie with one another in friendly rivalry to present attractions that shall amuse, but not offend—that shall please, but not demoralize, as some of the English variety halls do. Our managers will not tolerate those double-entendres which have made certain performers so popular over there—for at many of our first-class variety theatres ladies and children attend, and care is taken to exclude from the programme everything of an objectionable tendency. So complete and so strong are the attractions and stars at our principal variety establishment at this, the opening week of the new year, that in another part of this issue we give lists of the companies now engaged. The variety element is strong in its harmless specialties, healthful in the amusement it affords, and a most powerful addition to our theatrical representations. Let it be so maintained, and success must continue. Tolerate no vulgarity, encourage no performer who descends to indecencies to gain applause, and endeavor to build up and improve by legitimate means the variety branch of American amusements.....With "Our Jim" costumed in faultless attire, we made the grand rounds on New-Year's Day, to proffer the compliments of the season, and to join in the festivities of the occasion. The first call we made was upon the Mayor. James was delighted when we informed him of our place of destination; because, said he, "Though I don't see no great kuriosity in *mares* or hosses, yet I think the *grate seel* is worth seein', hoom I haviat seen since Barnum's dide." We explained to him that the great seal of the city of New York is not alive. James was offered some New-year cake and lemonade. He declined with thanks, and the following tender lines of off-hand

RIMES FOR THE TIMES.

Kakes with me is of *kommin ocurrance*,
I'de ete wun, and thareby giv yu a "lin,"
But yure kakes is of *kommiser kurrants*,
And I'm *afeard* they'll *disagree* with me.

This was received with wild applause, during progress of which we left the Mayor's nest. [This is a delusion, for the Mayor didn't "receive" on New-Year's Day.—ED.] James now expressed a desire to call upon one of the veterans of the minstrel boards. So, Jumbo, was our comical response, you're *hunting a Horn* already. "*Eph*-en so," said Jimmy. But we took him to see Billy Birch, with whose hospitalities he was delighted. "Hello, Billy!" "Hello, Jimmy!" Thus the conversation began. "It's warm, to-day," quoth James. "This is cooler—let's put off the ice," remarked our host. "Big thing," said Jim, as he quaffed the sparkling dew from the flowing bowl. "Billy, you excel as a *mugmaker*, but I find more to admire in your *cups*"—thus James. "Well, Jimmy, if you like it, cup and come again," responded William. Then the revels *did* begin, and the scene that followed beggars description. We didn't forget Brooklyn—we called upon its pastor, and Henry was delighted to make the acquaintance of Jim. By particular request the young man stood on his head, and in this singular attitude sang a song of which we append a sample verse:

BEECHER'S HYMN—RAGGED EDGE.

There's a letter in the scandal
That is very hard on me—
If I had never penned it
How happy I should be!

*Full Chorus*—There's a letter in the scandal, etc. This fairly set 'em wild, and nobody enjoyed it so much as Jimmy and the preacher. We essayed to find Tilton, but he was *non est*. James left his card, and said he should have been pleased to see *Theo, rise*, and *theorize on Theo. logical* topics on the subject. But the boy thinks his words were like throwing pearls before swine. We looked in at the Olympic, where we saw Poole in all his glory. "Happy New-Year, John." "The same to you, Jim." "I see you're *full*, John." "Why, as to that, *every*body's full to-day." Then we quietly closed the discussion by remarking: "That's not expected, for does not almost everybody takes in a '*Nimble Nip*' during the holidays." John roared, and the house roared, and at this happy moment we got away. Next we called upon Col. Brown, at his agency in Fourth street. "Ah! busy as usual, Colonel?" "Only filling up the time," replied the agent. "We've just been filling up too," said Jimmy. "I seems to be a *specialty* of the day." "Yes," responded Jim, "but no *special tea* for me on New-Year's day. My course is *straight*." "Well, if you were in the same line that I am in you'd have as *crooked* a time as the Western whiskey collaborateurs are having." Again we came to the rescue, and ended the séance by saying: "Well, Colonel, we'll let you mind your business, it is true, but down at THE CLIPPER office, the other day, we *engaged a man to bend a bar!*" (*Ben De Bar*). The place was crowded, and such shouting and enthusiastic demonstrations of applause were never heard under the same roof. The school question having created a great deal of discussion of late, we called upon one of the principals in a high-toned school up-town. *He* was delighted; but James, having a lively recollection of the smarts and stings of an outrageous teacher, kept shy of the man and words. "And now," said he, "after a long discussion of other subjects, what is your opinion of the school question?" Now mark our intelligent reply: "Diligent pupils, sir, *help to make their school's first-class!*" It took him so completely by surprise that he has not been the same man since. Passing the Union-square Theatre, we decided to call upon Barron de Bellevie in "Rose Michel;" but James objected, remarking that it might prove offensive to us, seeing that the Baron is described on the bills as a "*decayed*" *nobleman*" James desired to visit A. T. Stewart at his residence on Fifth-avenue, for the purpose of soliciting a subscription of a hundred dollars to the Grand Duke's Theatre. "Ah, Jimmy," was our sarcastic reminder, "your request would be like a lazy tramp—*it wouldn't work!*" And next, James suggested a call upon "*Henry Sly Bacon*," "Who's he?" "Come along—I'll show you." And he toted us into the presence of *Harry Cumming-hams!* The interview could be summed up as pretty lively, and in good spirits, by this time we appeared before Herr Wachtel the singer. You never observed a man more joyful than he—or *Herr*, rather—was, when he saw and greeted us. Beer we *must* have, insisted the "Postilion of Lonjumeau." And then, having heard of the convictions of Jim's ability, he requested a sample of the lad's abilities. Ever ready to oblige, James responded: "What is the difference between a California pioneer and yourself?" "I was don'd know of dot; I vas geef heem up. Vat?" "I'll *tell* you the difference," cried the boy trumpantly, "*One is a forty-niner* and the other is an *old Forty tenor!*" Wachtel *seemed* to enjoy it, but he didn't encore it; and so, as he left us in the dark as to the effect of Jim's little pleasantry, we left him in the light of day and went our way rejoicing. Our presence was next made manifest at the residence of some lady friends of a certain actor at Booth's Theatre. We were singing and otherwise enjoying ourselves, a terrific noise was heard, and the ladies became greatly alarmed. Now, here is where our presence of mind and jocularity came into play, as we said: "Fear not, ladies; it is only *Bangs at the door!*" After that, joy was uncontined, and a good time of good things followed. We called upon Sophie Worrell. So glad. "Happy New-Year—Where's George?" "He has not got home yet." "He should be here by now," was our impromptu remark. "Why?" asked his wife. "Because the close of day denotes *the approach of Knight!*" We left the pleasant lady in a delirium of joy. And so passed the day and the night; and when James reached his couch, and laid his weary head upon the pillow, he exclaimed: "I'm like the wheel of a coach." How so? "I've been *going* round, and I'm *tired!*" "All's well that ends well."

## CITY SUMMARY.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Wachtel season or German opera at the Academy of Music presented this artist in "William Tell" Dec. 27, and "Trovatore" 28.....Von Bulow the pianist gave a series of concerts at Chickering Hall during the past week. The programmes comprised concertos for one, two, three and four pianos, in which a young lady pupil of Von Bulow and a young lady pupil of Richard Hoffman appeared in conjunction with these two artists, and other works enlisting the support of a small orchestra of strings, including some of our best local musicians, as Mollenhauer, Bergner, Matzka and others. Miss Cronyn also appeared in a vocal interpretation of numbers from Spohr, Mercadante and Rubenstein.....The Oratorio Society of New York, combined with Thomas' Orchestra, gave a rendition of Handel's grand work of "The Messiah" at Steinway Hall on Monday, Dec. 27. Miss Emma C. Thursby, soprano; Miss Buckley, contralto; Geo. Simpson, tenor; A. E. Stoddard, baritone, were the soloists, all under the direction of Dr. Damrosch..... John Senis Jr. of Grace Church chimes and Samuel J. Gilbert of London chimes rang the welcome to the Centennial year, and James E. Ayliffe and William Thiriwall performed the carillon programme on the old Trinity bells.

AT THE THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE an excellent programme was presented last week, and it attracted a liberal attendance. The Freeman Sisters gave their musical sketches, which met with much favor, they being several times redemanded; the twin sisters French, in songs-and-dances, secured the favor of the audience; the Devere Bothers in their Ethiopian specialties are quite popular; Winona Bridges in songs-and-dances, by her quiet, graceful manners and pretty face quickly won the favor of those present; the Foy Sisters, who returned after a short absence, were warmly welcomed, and their performances proved as popular as ever; Add Weaver and son made a pronounced hit in their negro specialties; Little Vic by her singing and dancing became a favorite. The specialties of Harry Leslie, Frank Williams, J. D. Roome and B. B. Canning filled out the bill. Stage-manager W. W. Newcomb is to be complimented for the popularity this house has so speedily acquired. Manager Benj. W. Hitchcock has liberally supplied the funds to accomplish this desired result.

BAYLY'S MINSTREL HALL it is said, will shortly be opened by Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels of Philadelphia.

MANAGER WM. B. FRELIGH'S benefit, which was announced to take place at the Academy of Music on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, Dec. 30, did not come off, because the rent of the Academy had not been paid, and the janitor refused to open it to either Mr. Freligh or the public.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS will introduce on Jan. 10 a novelty in minstrelsy for the first time in this city. The first-part will be given in an entirely new and elaborate parlor-scene; and the performers, instead of sitting in a row, as has been the custom since the origin of minstrelsy, will be grouped about the room, and will move about as people do in real life. It is thought that this innovation will prove quite attractive, and will be the means of introducing considerable novelty, and infusing new life into minstrelsy.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE was closed for the season after the performances of Jan. 1.

LANE & WEAVER, dramatic and variety agents, in the air card, bring to the notice of the profession the advantages offered by their establishment.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, matinée performances are henceforth to be given on Thursdays instead of Saturdays.

JOHN F. SEXTON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, with Nellie Boyd as the stellar attraction, played in Princeton, Ill., the week ending Jan. 1, and will show this week in Earlville, and next in Mendota, thence to Sterling.

MISS KATIE TYSON, as she was professionally known, but in private life Mrs. Cotton, died in this city, after a short and painful illness, on Dec. 27, 1875, at the age of 23 years. She was the daughter of Samuel H. and Eveline Tyson of Philadelphia, and her sisters, Josephine and Caroline, have both won distinction upon the dramatic stage. She made her debut at the Grand Opera-house, in this city, as a ballet-girl, she was next engaged at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth street. Then she went to the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., where she performed for three seasons under the distinctive management of W. R. Floyd and the late Lewis Baker. She was a member of the company attached to Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., at the time of the great conflagration there, which broke out Oct. 9, 1871. During the season of 1873-4 she was acting at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., and in the Spring of the year last named she left there to join Edward G. Cotton's Dramatic Company, and shortly thereafter was married to the manager thereof, and retired from the stage. She reappeared for a few nights at Booth's Theatre in December last, and made her final appearance upon the stage Dec. 4, 1875, acting Pegotty Barkis in "Little Em'ly." She had one child, who died some months ago. She was a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and a good and reliable actress. Her pleasant disposition and earnest nature not only to her professional associates, but to a large circle of friends and acquaintances in private life, who will be pained to hear of her early demise. Her funeral took place on Tuesday last.

JOHN WHITTINGHAM, instrumental performer and vocalist, died suddenly in this city of pneumonia on Tuesday, Dec. 28. He was a native of Derby, Eng., and 26 years of age. Together with his wife and child he came to America in the Summer of 1875, and they made their debut at the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 13 of that year, under the professional title of the Whittinghams and Master Newman. They had performed in several of the neighboring cities, and at the Theatre Comique, Tony Pastor's, the Eagle Theatre, and the Grand Opera-house, in this city. At the time of his demise he was under engagement to Tony Pastor, with whom he commenced a two weeks' engagement on Dec. 27. He made his last appearance in public at the Grand Opera-house on the night of Dec. 25, having performed that day and night with Tony Pastor's Company at two entertainments, in both Tony Pastor's New Theatre and the Grand Opera-house. On Monday night, Dec. 27, he was too ill to appear, and on the following day he died. Tony Pastor, upon being apprised of this fact, with his accustomed liberality immediately sent his widow a sum of money equal to the amount which would have been due the family had they completed their engagement by performing this week. His funeral took place from his late residence, No. 161 West Thirty-first street, on Friday morning, at 11 o'clock, and was largely attended by his late professional associates, friends and acquaintances.

MISS ADAMS AND MISS LINTON and La Belle Victoria were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's New Theatre on Dec. 27. Miss Adams sang serio-comic songs quite acceptably, and later in the evening performed with Guy Linton in a musical sketch entitled "Love's Peculiarities." Mr. Linton met with fair success in his character impersonations, and did some nimble grotesque dancing. La Belle Victoria, who made her first appearance in this city, achieved quite a success as an aerial-trapeze performer. She is quite young, has a pretty face and shapely figure, was tastily costumed, and exhibited no little daring, skill and agility in her feats. Tony Pastor's company now numbers several more than last winter and applause, and the Hernandez-Ravel Pantomime Troupe performed "The Misfortunes of Roquinet," and earlier gave a burlesque Japanese act. A good business was done. An extra matinee was given on Saturday. The other attractions presented included Miss Sallie St. Claire, who continued her attractive pedestal dances; Miss Ada Lurent, in her specialty of "The Mystery," during which she did some graceful and agile dancing, besides making some astonishingly quick changes of costume; Sam Martin, one-legged song-and-dance man, continued to elicit the favors of the audience; Miss Jennie Morgan, who was charmingly attired, sang several of her finest songs, which were warmly received. There are few, if any, serio-comic vocalists at present on the variety stage who can equal Miss Morgan in either singing or dressing. Charles Worley created much laughter in his comicalty entitled "The Cannon-ball Tosser," in which he was aided by Frank Girard and Jennie Satterthwaite. All these same people performed the opening sketch, called "Tear 'Em All to Pieces." Gus Williams, one of the best Dutch comiques that ever trod the stage, sang his parody on "Hildebrant Montrose," and, in response to numerous recalls, repeated some of his latest successes. The Brent Family in their clog-dance were much liked, and little Tommy by his wonderful powers of endurance drew forth frequent applause.

PAT BOONEY, who reappeared at the Olympic Theatre on Dec. 27, was the only newcomer of the week. His Irish vocalisms and eccentricities, as usual, were much merriment. The pantomime of "Nimble Nip" continues the main feature of attraction, and it was acted at an extra matinee, for the benefit of the little folk, on Monday. The Worrell Sisters closed a long engagement on Jan. 1. Business good. The variety olio which preceded the pantomime was highly entertaining. John Hart, one of the finest Irish comedians now before the public, was seen in his favorite character of Greenbriar, in the sketch of "The Other Fellow," and he was efficiently aided by G. W. Reed, E. D. Gooding, G. W. Griffin and Miss Julia Coventry. After Murphy and Norton, excellent performers, were seen in the prettiest of their Irish sketches, Johnson and Bruno gave some entertaining acrobatic songs-and-dances; Miss Henrietta Mollenhauer sang ballads and operatic selections; John Hart, J. M. Johnson and Wm. West made considerable fun in "Who's Got the Power," and Johnson and Hart sang "Who's Got the Power," and gave some burlesque recitations which received the emphatic approval of the audience; and Harper and Stansill, one-legged double song-and-dance men, were seen at their best. The other members of this powerful company whose names we have not mentioned, appeared to advantage in the burlesque of the Misses Sophie and Irene Worrell, Emmeline Young, Addie Farwell, Eva Sinclair, Ida Greenfield, Alice Bennett, Pearl Thornton, Kate Hasserly, Kitty Parker, Nelly Calvert, and E. Roberts; Messrs. John Queen, John Gilbert, Wash Norton, S. Holdsworth, Bland Holt, W. B. Gill, and Master Martin.

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, Julia Watson, a clever little song-and-dance performer, whose merits were recently reviewed, and Mlle. Cerito, transformation dancer, who reappeared after a long absence from the city, and was seen in some nine distinct characters, comprised the reinforcements. An extra matinee was given on Saturday, Children's fair. Master Bonnie Runnells continued his impersonations of Dutch character; Hogan and Lord were seen to advantage in their musical sketch of "Our Southern Sunny Home;" John D. Griffin gave his Irish songs, dances and eccentric sayings, which caused much laughter; Tierney and Cronin reproduced "Darby and Joan;" Recruiter Charley Lord displayed his ventriloquial abilities; Will H. Morton, a baritone vocalist of merit, sang ballads and mottosongs; the principal male performers of the company appeared in female attire as "The Great Hayti Ballet Troupe;" Miss Alice St. Kemp sang character songs quite effectively; Mons. and Mme. D'Omer continued their sword feats, and wound up with a boxing-match; a sketch called "Opera-bouffe," which opened the entertainments, introduced W. H. Morton, Charley Benedict, Mark Hughes and Alice Kemp; and the closing burlesque of "The Two Orfuns," with John Hogan as Louise and Charley Lord as Henriette, gave the spectators to their homes in the best of humor.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE the ballet-pantomime of "The Erl King," produced under the direction of Stage-manager Constantine, has been the chief feature of attraction. The cast includes Sig. Constantini, G. Robert, Xavier Zeltman, Mons. Velarde, Harry Denham, Miles. Eveline Constantine, Linna Ricci, Miss Hamilton. The immortals were represented by the Misses Mollie De Mar, Mattie Feely, Lilly Moore, Annie Daisey, Rose Celeste, Mollie Cavanagh, Bertha Watson and Minnie Coon, with Sam Norman as Puck. The scenic effects were impersonated by Sam Collins, Mons. Caron, John Smith, H. Hollyman, G. Edwards and J. Room. In the fourth scene of the first act there was a wooden-shoe dance by the corps de ballet, a *pas de deux styrien* by Mlle. Linna Ricci and Mons. Velarde, and a character national dance with flags by Mlle. Italia and Frederick Constantine; and during the second act the grand ballet of "The Seasons," composed and arranged by Mons. Velarde, was danced by all the principals above named and the corps de ballet. Before the pantomime and between the acts a number of the performers above mentioned appeared in variety specialities. Attendance good.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES, the past week, the performance opened with the farce of "The Two Buzzards," with George Atkins as John Small, supported by F. M. Wills, A. G. Johnson, Fanny Wentworth and Katie Blanch. Miss Carrie Dunn followed with serio-comic songs. The Arnold Brothers—Amos and William—gave Ethiopian songs-and-dances. Ella Arlington sang popular songs, and Myles Morris gave Irish songs and did some agile dancing. Blandowski's ballet of "The Fourteen Temptations" introduced the Misses May Herring, Millie Young, Josephine Clifford, Louise Kent, Emelie Herbert, Johana Kurzweil, Vivo Fertella, La Petite Sophie, Mary

THE MANNERCHOR SOCIETY of Philadelphia held their annual election on Dec. 28, J. Henry Camp being chose president.

MRS. OATES' COMIC OPERA TROUPE opened at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 27, and have played to large houses. The following is the repertoire: 27, 30, and Saturday matinee, "Girofle-Girofle;" 28, 31, "Princess of Trebizonde;" 29, Jan. 1, "Mme. Angot." Mrs. Oates has lost none of her sparkling vivacity since her last appearance here, and is nightly called before the curtain by appreciative audiences. The new opera, "Les Pres St. Gervais" will be produced for the first time in this city Jan. 3.....The following is the repertoire for the first week of the Kellogg English-opera season, commencing Jan. 3, at Hooley's Theatre: 3, 'Bohemian Girl;" 4, "Rose of Castile;" 5, and Saturday matinee, "Mignon;" 6, "Trovatore;" 7, "Fra Diavolo;" 8, "Maritana." The Chicago debut of Miss Montgue occurs 4. Letter of Dec. 31.

THE KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE commenced a week's season at the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., Dec. 27, the house being crowded. The operas given have been "The Bohemian Girl" 27, "Ernani" 28, "Mignon" 29, "The Marriage of Figaro" 30, "Martha" 31, "Fra Diavolo" matinee, "Trovatore" evening, New Year's. The off-nights (Van Zandt) were well patronized, though not so largely as the Kellogg nights; the company, being a double one, thus introduced different artists throughout. It is not necessary to enter into details as regards the performances, as the artists are all well known. Suffice it to say that the best of satisfaction was given the entire week.

POPULAR songs are published by R. W. Ross of BOSTON, who advertises.

W. H. BRENEWORTH, late musical director of Wood's Museum, N. Y., can be engaged by addressing as per card.

A BANDMASTER lately in the U. S. service desires an engagement with a circus. See "Bandmaster's" advertisement.

THE TITIENS CONCERT announced for last Thursday evening at the Academy of Music, Newark, N. J., was indefinitely postponed. Cause—not enough tickets being sold to meet expenses.

DR. HANS VON BULOW is announced to make his last appearance in Brooklyn Jan. 6 at the Academy of Music.

DALY'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE COMPANY IN NEW ROLES.—Messrs. Duff and Morrisey, who have charge of the traveling portion of the above-named company, arranged a concert, which was to have taken place in the Tremont Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, on Sunday evening, Jan. 2. The gems of Italian, German, French and English operas, together with "The Stabat Mater" of Rossini and an "Ave Maria" by Gounod, with violin obligato, assisted by an orchestra comprising all the musicians in Galveston, were the features announced. Among the soloists were Miss Sara Jewett, soprano; Miss May Munez.. mezzo-soprano; James M. Hardie, tenor; Owen Fawcett, buffo-tenor, and George Devere, basso.

THE WACHTEL OPERA TROUPE is to perform in Baltimore, Md., one week, commencing Jan. 17.

THEODORE THOMAS' ORCHESTRA is to give concerts in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 10, 12.

THE LITTLE FAMILY gave concerts in Charlton, Ia., Dec. 29, 30.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell are to perform during the week commencing Jan. 10 in Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md.

THE PRESS CLUB of Philadelphia will give a concert Jan. 26.

THE BERGER FAMILY and SOL. SMITH RUSSELL continue to meet with success in the South. The Academy of Music, Norfolk, Va., where they appeared on Christmas, was well filled, and they also attracted a large audience at Petersburg, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Norfolk, Va., and Portsmouth papers thus speak of the company:

THE BERGER FAMILY and SOL SMITH RUSSELL.—Last evening this splendid combination opened at the Opera-house before a fashionable and appreciative audience. The entertainment was a most delightful one, and enjoyed by all. The musical renditions were superb, and the comic playing by Miss Dunn songs-and-dances brought down the house. Sol Smith Russell was as humorous as ever, and he kept the house in a roar by his inimitable character representations.—*Norfolk Virginian*, Dec. 28.

The Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell Concert-troupe gave one of their charming entertainments at Oxford Hall last night. The house was crowded from pit to dome, and every one of the audience seemed delighted with the performance. Sol Smith Russell, whose reputation as a humorist is almost world-wide, was the favorite, as usual, and drew forth peals of laughter and applause. Miss Anna Berger, the accomplished cornet-soloist, was superb in her part. The rich, sweet voice of Miss Anne Morgan elicited universal admiration, while Miss Lottie Dunn and Mr. Henry Berger was charming. Altogether, this is one of the most refined and attractive performances that have ever visited our city.—*Portsmouth Enterprise*, Dec. 28.

They are billed for Frederick, Md., Jan. 4; Alexandria, Va., 5, 6, Annapolis, Md., 7, 8, Baltimore 10, for one week, New York City 17, for three weeks.

## VARIETY HALLS.

F MANCHESTER AND JENNINGS, Jennie Engle and Moulton and Ajax were the new features at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., Dec. 27. Manchester and Jennings are old favorites, and met with a rousing reception; they are much improved since their last appearance here. Jennie Engle proved a valuable addition—her songs, being the latest out, were rendered in her well-known happy style. The chair-perch act of Moulton and Ajax is good, and the contortion act of the boy Ajax is of the best. Closures Jan. 1: Charles and Carrie Austin, to Boston; Mlle. Zittella, to Baltimore; and Moulton and Ajax, booked for Philadelphia Percy Harris and Harry Shay. Biz has been biz.. The Metropolitan has had a large attendance nightly, and the attractions warranted it. The new people were the Poole Brothers, pedestal-clog dancers. One of them turned two somersaults on a pedestal five feet high during the dance, and kept perfect time with the music. They also did a fine ground-tumbling act. Miss Jennie Lindsey and Miss Ida Burt are pleasing vocalists. Lulu Richmond executed a very neat jig, and was encored. The Zittella Family are good in their specialties. The performance concluded with Herr Green's Punch-and-Judy show, which was excellent. Departures Jan. 1: Jenny Lindsey and the Poole Brothers, to New York; Annie Hindle and Ida Burt, Underlined for 3: Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, Ada Laurent, Kitty Stanley, Miss Belmont, and Mons. Lafayette. Advices of Jan. 1.

SHEEHAN & JONES, Irish-dialect comedians, publish a card in this issue from Stage-manager Cook of the Adelphia Theatre, Portland, Me., highly complimenting their acts.

W. H. TRIMBLE, pedestal clog-dancer and chance-artist, is now performing at the Mobile (Ala.) Varieties.

THE LEVIATON BROS., gymnasts and acrobats, advertise that they can be engaged for the tenting season.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., business remains good. No new faces appeared last week. The Putnam Brothers, song-and-dance and double clog, have made a hit. They are young beginners. The rest of the company remain the same. The Frontainblean Sisters are announced to open Jan. 3.....At the Grand Central, Frank Howe, Billy Devere, and Tilly Russell opened Dec. 27 in their drama entitled "Joaquin, or the Dead Shot." No announcements for this week.

A FIRST-RATE SERIO-COMIC SINGER is wanted by A. B. French, who advertises.

FROM THE CARROLTON VARIETIES, Fall River, Mass., the departures on Jan. 1, were Huber and Glidden and Tommy and Lottie Winnett. Announced for this week: Billy and Maggie Ray and Fell and Lewis.

MEYER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., under the management of Eugene F. Gorman, is reported as doing a good business.

GEORGE LEVANION of the Levanion Bros., trapeze artists, while making his dying leap across the body of the house, enveloped in a sack, on Dec. 27, at Ward's Varieties, Paterson, N. J., fell to the stage, but fortunately was not much hurt, being compelled to lay off for a couple of days only. He has fully recovered, and is again attending to biz. This place announcement closed on New-Year's night.

E. S. WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is to show in Pottstown, Pa., Jan. 5, Wilmington, Del., 6, 7, Trenton, N. J., 8, New Brunswick 10, Elizabeth 11, Plainfield 12, Easton, Pa., 13. Business is reported as having been remarkably good during the past week. A new troupe of Indians—four chiefs and two braves—join the troupe at Reading Jan. 4. W. J. Chappelle continues at the head of the advance department, and the statement of a contemporary to the contrary is a mistake.

THE ATTENDANCE at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., has been very good. The new faces Dec. 27 were James Collins and Martha Wren, who won great favor in their burlesques; Lew and Pauline Parker, in negro specialties, both appearing in black faces; Lew Cole, a capital Dutch comedian; Lena Cole, a satisfactory serio-comic singer; and Cotton and Birdue, the acrobatic song-and-dance men. The departures Jan. 1 were Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman, to Boston, Lew and Lena Cole, to Hartford, Ct.; and Cotton and Birdue, to Washington, D. C., where they open Jan. 10. For this week Mr. Sol Smith is announced to appear in a new play called "Golf." Upon the receipt at this house of the sad news of the death of Mr. Whittingham, a subscription paper was voluntarily started, and in a few hours a handsome sum was realized for the benefit of his family. Advices of Jan. 1.

THE STUART SISTERS and Prof. Howard were the fresh ones at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Dec. 27. As the first-named were here two weeks ago, it is not necessary to repeat our report. Prof. Howard is a fine magician, presenting a few tricks which were cleverly and smoothly done. Fannie Kent vocalized this week, responding to encores each night; she is engaged for the season. Closing Jan. 1 are Angie Schott and Leon Whittony, to St. Louis; Hall and Thompson, to Toledo; and Mons. Joseph, no engagement. Those announced for Jan. 3 are Den Thompson, Gilday and Gbeven, Thomas and Annie Whiting, Edna Laurent, Ida Carlysle and the Pholtes Troupe. Annie Clark is in town for the holidays. Advices of Jan. 1.

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, New Orleans, La., business is considerably increased since our correspondent's last report. Opening 27 were Miss Jennie Burdell, sentimental vocalist, who was well received, and Tim Morris, Ethiopian comedian. Chas. A. White and Lillian Harvard are in town. The former severed his connection with the Globe as stage-manager some weeks ago, at his own solicitation, to accept an engagement with W. B. Smith at the Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., opening Feb. 7, with Miss Lillian Howard and Miss Mollie Macy. Previous to that engagement they will appear for four weeks in Chicago. Marsh Adams has succeeded Mr. White in the management of the Globe. Miss Ida De Vere closed at the Globe 26, and will appear Jan. 3 at the Metropolitan, in Indianapolis. The announcements for the Globe Jan. 3 are Della Gonzalez, Miss Jennie Misco, Misco and Ashton, and Miss Lulu De Mars. Letter of Dec. 28.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., "The Forty Thieves" has proved a success. The only new faces Dec. 27 were the Langlois Brothers, whose performance took very well. Departures Jan. 1: The Milton Sisters, to Buffalo; Garrett's Troupe, to Cincinnati. New people Jan. 3: The Loyals and Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards.

GEORGE FRANCE and his dogs Cesar and Bruno, Lizzie Mulvey, the Crimmins Brothers, Tony Dayton and Annie Ratelle were the new appearances at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 27. Business continues fair. Mr. France appeared in his drama of "Wide Awake," and, although he was creditably supported, he failed to create any great impression, as did also Miss Mulvey in her song-and-dances. The Crimmins did a neat triple clog, followed by a triple song and-dance, which received an encore. Miss Ratelle and Tony Dayton gave a very pretty musical sketch entitled "Uncle Eph at Home," which was well received. On Dec. 25, Manager Mr. Chapman was presented by the Vaudeville Company with a very elegant locket, costing, it is said, $100. The Knights of Pythias also presented Mr. Chapman with a handsome emblematic watch charm, as a token of their esteem for him as a gentleman and a brother knight. George France, Clara Sidell, the Kine Brothers, Bart Clark and Jenny Wade depart on Jan. 1. The Rossolle Brothers, Giovana, Charley Mulgro, and Hurley and Marr are billed for 3. Letter of Dec. 30.

LOTTIE GRANT, vocalist, is at present engaged at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O.

TALENT of all kinds is wanted at Berry's Arcade Theatre, Jersey City, N. J. See card.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, St. Joseph, Mo., during the past week the company included Hugh McNarry, Ed. Lawrence, Walter Le Roy, Harry Mendel, Tillie Boulton, Christie Morrell, Leonie Mendel and Frankie Foster.

JAMES O NEILL, "the big Irish one," takes a benefit at Carton's Variety Theatre, Williamsburg, N. Y., Jan. 6. As he is a great favorite, he is likely to have a correspondingly large attendance.

A SONG-AND-DANCE lady and a serio-comic vocalist are wanted. Address Geo. Van Wormer, care of this office.

GEO. E. LEVANTINE, acrobat and equilibrist, who recently concluded a year's engagement in Russia, has returned to London, Eng., where he is now performing at the Oxford and South London music-halls, and at the Alexandra Palace. His address and further particulars are published in our business department.

THE HARRIGAN & HART COMBINATION perform this week at the New Chicago Theatre, Chicago, Ill., and open at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 10. Mr. Mart Hanley, their business-manager, informs us that business continues excellent, every theatre they play in being crowded.

SAM MARTIN, one-legged song-and-dance artist, now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., advertises for engagements.

THE ZAULO POOLE CASE SETTLED.—The case of the infant acrobat was terminated in Washington, D. C., on Dec. 27 when it came up for a hearing in the Equity Court before Judge Wylie, who held that the brothers of the boy had forfeited their right to his custody by their cruel treatment, in compelling him to perform feats which endanger life and limb. He directed that the boy be remanded to the custody of Mr. Gatchel, who has taken such an active and charitable interest in the matter, until a proper home could be found for him. Subsequently the Executive Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals met and transacted some important business. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee fully sustain the action of President Gatchel in the Zaulo Poole case, and commend him for his promptness in enforcing the laws of the Society and maintaining the cause of humanity.

A resolution was also passed requesting Mr. Gatchel to call the attention of the proprietors of the theatres and other places of amusement in Washington to the decision in the Zaulo Poole case, and request them to make no contract with parties having in their possession children liable to cruel treatment during a public performance.

THE HAWLEY BROTHERS, who opened at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Dec. 27 last, should not be confounded with the well-known Hawley Brothers—John and Frank—who have been performing before the public successfully for the past eight or nine years, and who recently dissolved copartnership after fulfilling an engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., in October last.

J. C. MURPHY, May Langdon, Nellie Steele, Ricardo Frary, Mollie Somers and J. C. Smith were to have opened at the Bay View Varieties, Pensacola, Fla., Dec. 28.

SIGS. FRANCIS and JOS. NORTON, jugglers, notify the profession that they will hereafter be known as the Norton Bros.

MURPHY & MACK, Irish specialty and sketch artists, open at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Jan. 10. They have a few open dates in February, and can be addressed as per card.

HARRY PIERSON, female impersonator, would like to form a partnership with someone in the variety or minstrel business, or he can be engaged. See advertisement.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Milwaukee, Wis., was opened Dec. 30, 1874, and the proprietors advertise for performers.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Dec. 31 is reported as appended by our correspondent: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances this week have been Alice Placide, in 'Money and Misery;' George Davenport, Miss Dunn songs-and-dances; Richmon and Sommers, in songs-and-dances; and Minnie Seamon, in serio-comic selections. As Lady Rossmond, Alice Placide confirmed the favorable opinion formed of her during her previous engagement. The company did good service, particularly Kelly and Woodly, newly engaged for the leading business. Wynn Franklin and Helene Coleman have left the company. Business has been quite good. The departures to-morrow will be Giovanni and the Rousselle Brothers, for Louisville; George Davenport and Alice Placide. Next (this) week come Signor Monta and the Garretta Troupe. Andy and Annie Hughes, Clark Gibbs, John T. Kelly and Alice D'Erina.....The Grand Central has managed to flourish all the week; the company, however, complaining of absence of 'the ghost.' Its companions of dissatisfaction on this point, J. W. Berkley, James Welch, J. W. Davis, Willie Wells, Ed. Wagner and Maud Le Moyne withdrew from the company. Mr. Welch and Miss Le Moyne go to St. Louis. Johnny Max and Billy Ford have joined. Others engaged for Monday: Eugene Bliss, John E. Ince, Cassim and Fritz, Mlle. Zoe, Miss Kitty Sharpe, Bryant and Williams and Miss Emma Brennan. The entertainment in the main was not satisfactory. There were several acts deserving commendation, but the show as an entirety was not of the standard of excellence that commands liberty and liberal patronage from the Pittsburg public. On the first night the audience was moderate, but at the subsequent entertainments up to this writing the attendance continued getting smaller and smaller. I am informed that the troupe was only temporarily organized for the exploitation of which it will disband, Rollin Howard returning to New York City. Advices of Dec. 31.

CONSIDERABLE AMUSEMENT was created at the Grand Central, Philadelphia, on the evening of Dec. 27 by the operatic selection of "Bobby Gay," entitled "more money than brains" occupying one of the stage-boxes, and who persisted in tossing silver coin on the stage, to be scrambled for by the ballet-girls, until the ballet of "The Warriors of the Sun" came to a premature conclusion on account of the confusion consequent thereto.

THE GRAND CENTRAL ASSOCIATION, composed of attaches of the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, gave their second annual ball at Musical Fund Hall on the evening of Dec. 28. John W. Townsend, the treasurer of the association, was on hand to receive the congratulations of his fellow-members with a handsome gold watch and chain.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, now under the management of Ed. Banker, the only new face during the past week was Bobby Daly, who appeared in his specialty of "The Jumping Jack," and in conjunction with Fred J. Mackley made a decided hit as "The Dancing Maniacs." Miss Branny and Miss May Walton open Jan. 3.

THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Philadelphia, on Dec. 27 appointed A. Haller Gross as the receiver of the Grand Central Variety Theatre, in that city, in accordance with an order entered in the case of Kanaga and others against Joseph M. Mortimer. That order provides that the receiver shall act as treasurer and bookkeeper of the theatre, may have one assistant, and shall deposit the moneys collected by him in the Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company to his credit as receiver for J. M. Mortimer & Co., and to give security in the sum of $40,000. It is also ordered that the receiver shall not interfere with Joseph M. Mortimer as the manager of the theatre.

ESCOTT'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, during the past week presented a crowded appearance, which must have been in the highest degree satisfactory to the management. The advent of Dr. S. M. Landis, who made his first appearance there on Dec. 27 in "The Insane Lover," aided in no inconsiderable manner in bringing together the large attendance, his novel conception of the title-role convulsing the audiences with laughter, which was still further elicited by the manner in which all those concerned burlesqued their respective parts. Miss Clara Moore's excellent vocalism was a pleasing and attractive feature of the olio. Rose Lazar and Clara Moore closed here on Jan. 1. Dr. S. M. Landis has been re-engaged, and will appear during the week in his interpretation of Hamlet; Andrew Gaffney, Lew Spencer, Ella Arnold, Lillie De Berg and Fannie Davenport also open Jan. 8.

THE MELROSE JASPERS, acrobats, who state that their specialties are too difficult to be attempted by any other performers, can be addressed care of this office. They are now performing at Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., has been leased by R. C. Hart, and will be opened as Hart's Variety Theatre Jan. 17. Artists in all branches of the profession are referred to Mr. Hart's advertisement.

AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE, Baltimore, Md., Edwards & Blake's Combination gave a matinee and night performance to small business on Jan. 1. The following people appeared: J. S. Edwards, Jalta Blake, George Rugby, Frank Romelli, Emil Geroux, William Mitchell, Miss Lotta, J. Brastie, Wilbur Blake, Kate Edwards, May Weston, Charles Rhome, Frank Rogers, Maud Garoux, Charles Romelli, Annie Jackson and the Moscayo Family.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., is excellent. Lizzie Warren and the Weston Sisters were added to the company on Dec. 26. Lizzie Warren, aided by Walter Bray, appeared in a short sketch, and also gave a neat song-and-dance. The Weston Sisters received a most enthusiastic welcome, and their songs, dances, and banjoisms were repeatedly encored. Celitni's new ballet, entitled "Cupid in Arcadia," introduced two premieres and an excellent ballet corps in new and pleasing dances. Departures Jan. 1: Andy and Annie Hughes, Alfred Liston, Walter Bray and Lizzie Warren, To open: 2 Angie Schott, J. L. Davis and dogs, Nell West, Baker and Doyle, and E. Whettony. Mons. Tito Celitni was presented with a beautiful gold watch, chain and locket, on Dec. 26, by the ladies of the ballet and some of his friends. The entire gift is worth $300, and was handed to him with appropriate remarks by Otto Burbank. Phil Dieffenbach, the present doorkeeper of the parquet, has been engaged to act as ringmaster for Cooper & Bailey's Circus, next season. Letter dated Dec. 31.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the attendance continues large. The new appearances on Dec. 27 were Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins, Sandford and Wilson, and Miss Rose Mell. The sensational drama of "The Waifs of New York" afforded Kate Raymond an opportunity to give an effective representation of Willie the Waif, her efforts being ably seconded by O. B. Collins as Hans, Miss Sallie Apt as Alice Baldwin, and Jacques Kruger as Herbert Singleton. The Ethiopian and musical specialties of Sandford and Wilson were given with an ability far above the average, and excited roars of laughter and applause. Miss Rose Mell danced very gracefully in the highly successful ballet of "The Warriors of the Sun." Ernest and Gerard Byne and Joe A. Gullick closed Jan. 1. Tierney and Cronin, Crossley and Elder, and James Roome commence Jan. 3, on which date will be produced for the first time in Philadelphia Kate Raymond's new drama of "Roughing It."

SIMON PURE VARIETY has held sway at the Howard Athenæum Boston, Mass., the past week, and the entertainment has been one of the very best we have ever enjoyed. Opening with Harry Bloodgood in the farce of "Rascal Tom," it continued with E. M. Hall's favorite eccentric banjo-playing and witty incidental remarks. Then the Carlo Family in their graceful and difficult feats on the high ladder appeared, and in turn gave way to Wm. Courtright, who was quite good; but, had it had a separate place on the programme for itself, it would have been more effective. Helene Smith in her usual pretty manner and Steve Rogers in his excelsior clog, followed, and then Lurline and Watson performed some clever feats under water. We omitted mention of these performers the previous week. They have made a pronounced hit, and, it being the first time that a lady has performed such feats in this city, they attracted more than ordinary attention, and given the best of satisfaction. "The Musical Mokes," Harry Bloodgood, Courtright, Hall, and Leavitt then sang some songs very funnily, among them a new one by Ben Dodge called "Mitt Tweed," which took immensely. Madame Dalalie the female Sampson, and a young lad unnamed on the programme, exhibited feats of strength and skill, and afterwards Ben Dodge sang several impromptu verses on subjects suggested by the audience. The "Big Four"—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—then exhibited their eccentricities, and the Carlo Bros. performed their triple parterre, the whole closing with Courtright, Hall and Rogers in the new Ethiopian sketch called "The Patent Flue." It was altogether a most entertaining performance, and drew a succession of large houses. Judy Mc Cune announced to appear, but was prevented by illness. He is, however, to appear Jan. 3, with his partner, Rogers. For that date eighteen new artists are announced, viz., Luke Schoolcraft and George H. Coes, Scanlon and Cronin, Johnson and Bruno, the Winner Sisters and Frank Hendrick, Sam Hastings, Sam Hastings, Gorman and Romer (first appearance in Boston), Wm. Noonan, Alice Bateman, N. C. Goodwin Jr., C. H. Clarke and Marie Bates. Letter of Jan. 1.

AT THE CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the holiday week gave good houses and lively business to Kent Brothers, for which we will merited by the fine bill presented. The stars were Satsuma and Little All-right in acrobatic acts as the first cards, followed by Miss Blanche Selwyn in male impersonations, Kirk and Drew in song-and-dance, Maggie Grey in Irish drama, and Miss Nellie Mell, dancer and songs. Frank Marrs, Irish comedian, was engaged, but did not appear. The afterpiece for the early part of the week was "Castaway," with Messrs. Chester, Bent, Eagan, Bradford, Hodges, Collyer, Miller, Misses Minnie Jackson, Fannie Prestige and Rose Lloyd in the cast. For the remaining portion "Cartouch" was substituted. The departures on Jan. 1 were Blanche Selwyn and Miss Jennie Sothern to Pittsburg, Pa., Kirk and Drew and Charles F. Ellis. On Jan. 3 the attractions will be George W. Thompson in dramatic pieces, Worden and Mack, William Henry Rice and Mlle. Zittella.....At the Odeon Varieties the new faces were Dody Zanfretta in fancy dances, and Minnie Lee in serio-comic songs, who, with the following people of the preceding week, composed a good bill of attractions for the holidays: Dunsmore in sketches and in songs. Harry Woodson in aged negro business, Mlle. Zulella and Mons. Ventini in their drawing-room entertainments," and Barney Ferguson in jockey clog. The performance concluded with the comic pantomime of "Tot," with Ventini as Clown. The departures on Jan. 1 were Dunsmore, Mlle. Zulella and Mons. Ventini, all to Philadelphia. The new people for the 3d are Murphy and Shannon and the Monzert Sisters. Letter of Jan. 2.

AT THE ADELPHIA, Portland, Me., the first appearances Dec. 27 were the Collins Sisters, song-and-dance team; the Ford Sisters, sketch artists; Harry Greacon, Dutch comedian; Lyman Laiscelle and Aline Lefevre, gymnasts; and Martini Chirlski, juggler, all of whom met with a favorable reception. Owing to the expiration of the time for which Mr. Larrabee had engaged the superior people, and engagements by other parties, the season closed Jan. 1. It is the intention of the present management to reopen, however, in March. Mr. Larrabee and his stage manager, J. H. Cooke, leave an excellent reputation for fair and honorable dealing behind them, and it is to be hoped that their success on their return will be such as they deserve.....Sheridan and Mack open for one night Jan. 6. Advices of Jan. 1.

THE HAWLEY BROTHERS, who opened at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., Dec. 27 last, were Will H. Vane in clever banjo-solos, and Harrington and McGlone in artistic songs-and-dances. These gentlemen are superior to the average of song-and-dance men, their singing being very fine. The performance concluded each evening with Frank H. Nelson's version of "Jack the Giant-killer," characters by the company. Will H. Vane was the only departure Jan. 1. The announcements for 3 are "The Great" Curry, and the Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe. Business good. Advices of Jan. 3.

THOSE ADDED to the company at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., on Dec. 27, were Shed Le Clair, Billy Emmett, Japanese Tommy, Thomas, Charles and Frank Turner, and Miss Katie Howard. Mr. Le Clair is a skillful gymnast. He could not perform his most difficult feats in consequence of the constrained quarters, but we are to be indulged to that purpose. Billy Emmett and Japanese Tommy were seen to advantage in the Ethiopian act of "Opera-bouffe." The songs-and-dances of the Turners were approvingly received, and Miss Howard's vocalization was accorded repeated encores. Business continues good. Accommodations for 10,000 people. Parties wishing to communicate with Cook's Circus can address as per advertisement.

COOK'S ENGLISH CIRCUS will close its present season about March 23, and then reorganize for the season of 1876, giving its first exhibition in Cairo, Ill., April 10. The company at present traveling with this show includes Nick Norton, Harry Cadona, Senoritta Cadona, Happy Jack Lawton, Geo. Orrin, Miss Katie Orrin, Chas. Orrin, Wm. Orrin, Eddie Orrin, Wm. G. Miles, Misco Sisters, James Stowe, John Robinson, Frank Melville, Sam Dicky, Joe Mairs, Wm. Howard; Will H. Stowe, proprietor; Prof. Cooke and performing dogs and monkeys; Frank Stowe, leador of band; John Fulton, sideshow privilege. For the season of 1876 Cook's Circus will use Frank Stowe's patent reserved opera-chair. A corps of performing animals and a small elephant are wanted. See card.

TWO BOYS, whose address find in another column, desire to make arrangements with circus-managers to learn the trapeze business.

A PAVILION, consisting of two canvases, seats, wagons, harness, etc., can be rented of G. W. Chaffee, rope-walker, whose services can also be secured. For further particulars see advertisement.

E. W. PERRY and family, whose address find in another column, can be engaged for next tenting season with their burlesque of "Blackeye'd Susan;"

J. V. STREBIG, an experienced route, press and contracting agent, advertises that he can be engaged by any circus visiting Canada.

A NUMBER OF ANIMALS, birds, etc., and other showproperty for sale, purchased of Miller, Morrison & Co., who publish further particulars in our business department.

DR. JAMES L. THAYER, the well-known circus-manager, sustained painful injuries in Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 30, by the falling of a porch upon which he was standing, in the rear of his residence. He weighs 303 pounds, and was precipitated a distance of some thirty feet to the ground.

CHARLES WHITNEY, the veteran agent, who some time ago met with a serious mishap, necessitating the amputation of his leg, is now residing in Philadelphia, where he has been offered the management of a circus, to be opened there during the Centennial season.

BENNER BROTHERS, acrobats and gymnasts, are open for engagements for the tenting season. See card.

JAMES MAGUIRE, clown and comic vocalist, whose address find in another column, can be engaged.

FREDERICK BARCLAY, somersault hurdle-rider, publishes his address in our business department.

PRIVILEGES are offered for sale with Cartell & Co.'s Show, which commences its season early in April at Independence, Kas. See card.

TOM KEYS, late of Sells Bros'. Circus, is wintering in Fort Wayne, Ind.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS and Sanger's English Menagerie showed in Austin, Texas, twice on Christmas to large audiences.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION exhibited in Omaha, Neb., Dec. 29, Des Moines, Ia., 30, and is to show in Keokuk Jan. 5, Quincy, Ill., 6, Galesburg 8, Burlington, Ia., 10, Muscatine 11, Davenport 12, and Rock Island 13. Business is reported fine throughout the North west.

WHITNEY the magician and ventriloquist performed in Altamont, Ill., Dec. 27, Vandalia 28, 29, Flora 30, Salem 31, Jan. 1.

YOUNG'S HALL, Arlington, Ill., recently completed, is open for rental. Mr. Young advertises it as having a seating capacity of 400, and furnished with a good stage, etc.

MAGIC TRICKS of all kinds are advertised by Queen & Co.

A PANORAMA, comprising paintings on religious subjects, is offered for sale in a card in this issue.

GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Troy, N. Y., can be rented or leased by applying to W. Oscar Carpenter, who advertises the seating capacity at 800, and the scenery, stage and all accessories as in first-class condition.

A PAVILION, consisting of two canvases, seats, wagons, harness, etc., can be rented of G. W. Chaffee, rope-walker, whose services can also be secured. For further particulars see advertisement.

E. W. PERRY and family, whose address find in another column, can be engaged for next tenting season with their burlesque of "Blackeye'd Susan;"

Charles Collette as "The Disappointed Man," giving a selection from his farce, "Chryptochuocholdysphonocstomata;" Miss Constance Loseby and E. Bighton in a selection from the burlesque of "Isaac of York;" the trial-scene from "The Merchant of Venice" as Williams, Creswick as Shylock and Miss Rose Leclercq as Portia; a recitation of "The Elfin King," by Hermann Vezin; David James and the Vaudeville company in the second act of "Our Boys;" Miss Lydia Thompson and Willie Edouin in the scene from "Blue Beard;" "The Area Belle," with J. L. Toole as Pitcher, Lionel Brough as Tosser, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon as Penelope Ann; the first act of "Weak Woman," introducing Miss Ada Swanborough and the Strand company; the tea party in "Nicholas Nickleby;" J. Clark in his favorite character of the good-loving Sairey Gamp; George Conquest with his "Wonderful Head;" and the following address, written by H. S. Leigh, and spoken by James Fernandez:

The Arts may claim a unity that binds
In firm fraternity art-loving minds.
Here on the stage, despite the sour tradition,
Envy is not the offspring of Ambition;
Malice and Hatred, save by fits and starts,
Play none but supernumerary parts.
Yet in our mimic world are some that live
In fonder fellowship than Art can give.
A brotherhood some friend to friend accords,
Born of the heart, though nurtured on the boards.
A tie that—though the Fates may frown for ever—
No time can weaken and no change can sever.
Not even will grief be hushed and sorrow cease
For one companion lost, who now at peace.
After Life's fitful fever, calmly sleeps
In that last home across the Atlantic deeps.
Amid the darkness of our vain regret
One ray of gladness lingers with us yet.
Though far from friends, home, and British ground,
Friendship and Truth in gentle spirit found.
Warm hearts were near, on that far-distant shore,
To tend him till the last sad scene was o'er.
Alas! all ends not with an earthly life.
Those children fatherless, that widowed wife.
To each and all cry with a bitter cry,
Shall we not hearken? Shall we not reply?
Friends to our Drama—friends to all that strive
To keep our Drama's threatened flame alive—
Friends rich in sympathy and prompt in aid,
To you our confident appeal we made.
As friends in need and friends in deed we rank you:
And—beggars even in our thanks—we thank you.

THE RECENT PERFORMANCE in London in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund realized £238 11s.

THE BROTHERS ROZARIA, known as daring and accomplished gymnasts, on Dec. 13 opened the Rotborn Amphitheatre, London, with a company which included Frank Pastor, somersault rider; Mlle. Jenny Vasser, equestrienne; Yicomte De Corby, horse-breaker; Juan Congo and Franklin Goetz, riders; M. Frumiere, contortionist; Warne, Bonhomme, Le Quipo and Paterson, clowns, and the Brothers Nelson, acrobats.

WILLIAM RISDON, equestrian of the Circo Price, Lisbon, Portugal, died there Dec. 1, aged 28.

A MOST successful performance was given at the Salle Valentino, Paris, Dec. 19, for the benefit of Edouard Plouvier, the brilliant writer, who is in a helpless state of poverty, caused by long and, it is feared, hopeless illness. A sum of about 5,000 francs was realized.

"THE WHITE CAT," after a brief existence at the Queen's Theatre, London, gave up the ghost Dec. 11.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON continued to draw crowds to the Princess' Theatre, London, to witness his Rip Van Winkle.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. WILLIAMSON are announced to make their debut in the British metropolis at the Adelphi on Easter Monday, in their Australian success "Struck Oil."

WILL C. CAMP, property-maker, whose address find in another column, wants an engagement.

T. A. WIGGINS, wizard, and Master Sam Wiggins, with trained birds and monkeys, performed at Centralia, Mo., Dec. 25, Sturgeon 26, Benton City 28, Martinsburg 30. They can be addressed as per card for engagements.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, is to exhibit in Quincy, Mich., Jan. 3, 4, 5, Jonesville 6, 7, 8.

THEODORE TILTON is to lecture in Hartford, Ct., Jan. 5.

EZRA, magician, is to show in Springfield, Mass., one week, commencing Jan. 10.

I. DAVEAU, dramatic and sketch writer, etc., advertises in this issue.

A PUNCH-AND-JUDY OUTFIT, complete, is offered for sale by W. F. L., who advertises.

B. E. CARRAGAN, advance-agent, can be engaged by addressing as per card

L. M. W. STEERS & Co., billposters, Pittsburg, Pa., insert their card in another column.

MAGICAL TRICKS can be purchased of L. Fisher, who advertises.

THE GENESEE HOUSE, Buffalo, N. Y., J. Latz & Son proprietors, is conveniently situated for all the places of amusement in that city, and the proprietors, in a card elsewhere, refer to several members of the profession.

JAMES MAY, programmer, ticket-seller, etc., whose address is care of this office, wants an engagement

"WASHINGTON'S REVIEW AT YORKTOWN" remained on exhibition at the Chestnut-street Rink, Philadelphia, during the past week, closing Jan. 1 in order to allow of an entire alteration in the auditorium, prior to the reopening for the Centennial season.

THE RAINY WEATHER last week interfered somewhat with the attendance at the Zoological Garden, Philadelphia, where one of the largest collections of animals in the country is now on exhibition.

THEODORE TILTON lectured on "The Problem of Life" on Dec. 30 at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, before a very large audience.

"ST. PATRICK" was the subject of a lecture, delivered by Mr. Benjamin Harris Brewster on the 29th of December at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital of that city.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS is to be in Toronto, Ont., Jan. 6.

J. W. BENGOUGH lectured on "Heads and Tails" at Toronto, Ont., Dec. 28. I. V. Stebig, his manager, reports business large while traveling through the province.

OLIVE LOGAN lectured in Springfield, Ill., Dec. 29, to a splendid house. Subject: "Our Girls." Route from there: Pe

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THE NEW YORK

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FOR 1876

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